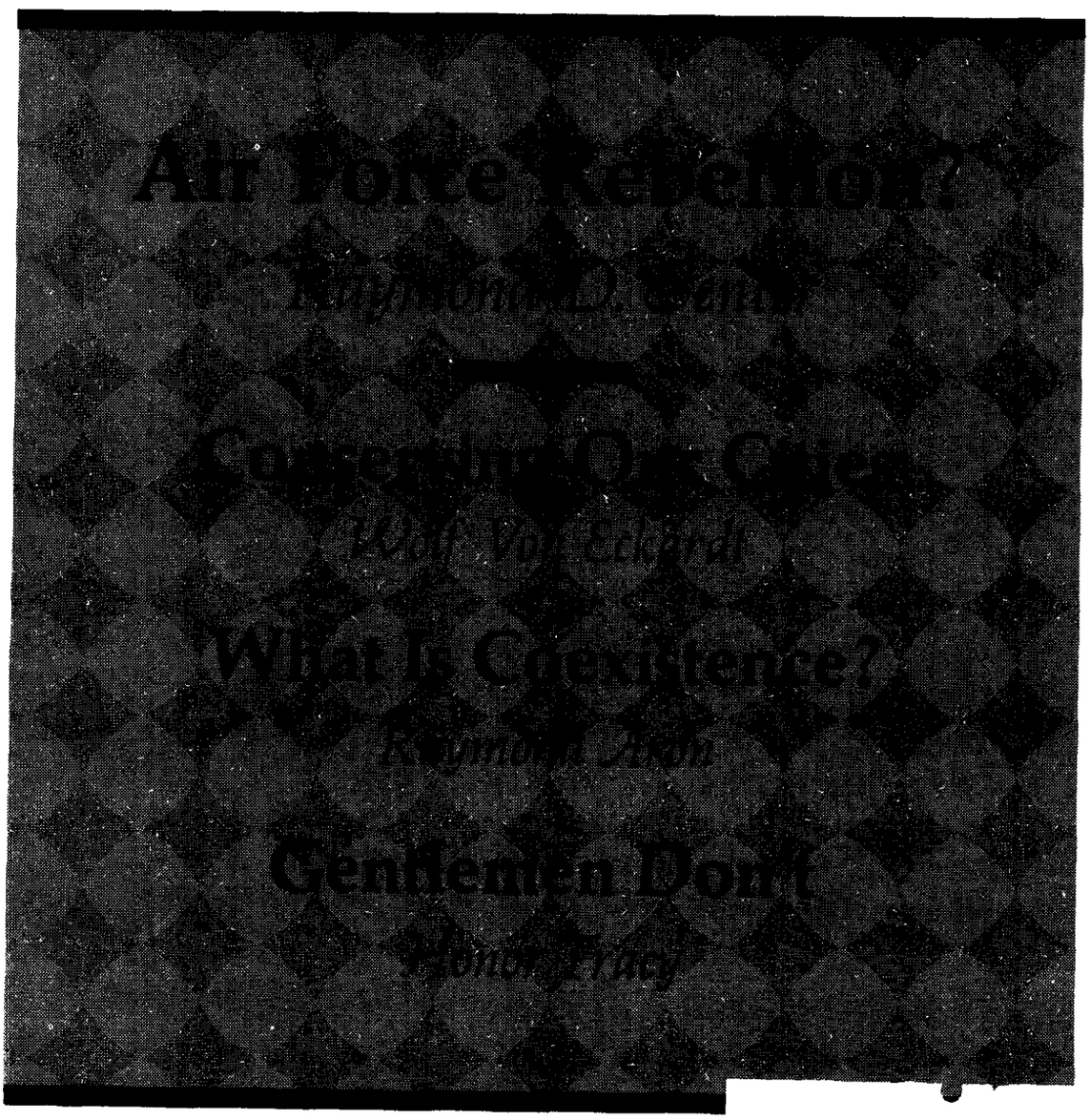
Oh Dad, Poor Dad *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 28, 1963, 35 cents



12-64 K26744 APII-17-1
UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
LIBRARY
BURLINGTON VT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. from Washington

The New Goldwater

★ The Great Mutation has begun. Watch it, everybody, because it is a fascinating political-biological process, like watching a polliwog turn into a frog. Yes, right in front of our eyes, we are going to see Barry Goldwater become a "moderate." The old Goldwater favored applying the anti-trust law to trade unions; the new one tells *Congressional Quarterly* that the idea is "impractical." The old Goldwater demanded an end of all federal farm programs as unconstitutional. Now he tells us over CBS-TV: "You're not going to reverse all those trends immediately."

The old Goldwater had one pet position that was most fantastic of all: he denounced the graduated income tax. Now he is applying a skillful smudge to this untenable political position. What he wants now, he tells the same CQ interviewer, "is a complete study of the whole problem." He has moved from repeal to a study group. And, with the adeptness of a forest nymph, he erases his past footmarks as he progresses: "These people that advocate the repeal of the income tax," he says blandly, "have yet to come up with any sound argument as to what they would replace it with."

Who in the world are "these people who advocate repeal of the income tax"? Don't look at Barry; his face is as innocent as a child's. Of course, in his book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, he did call the graduated tax "immoral" and "confiscatory," and added, "one problem with regard to taxes . . . is to enforce justice – to abolish the graduated features of our tax laws, and the sooner we get at the job the better."

But it is not for consistency that followers love Goldwater. It is his dashing, romantic quality. The Navahos of Northern Arizona felt the trait; they christened him, we learn, "Barry Sundust." The happy quality was evident even in the test ban treaty debate. Barry Sundust proposed a reservation tying Senate ratification to "removal of the Soviet military presence" from Cuba; on page 15546 of the *Congressional Record* he said that the reservation "could make the treaty proposal perfectly acceptable even to its harshest critics." But on page 16020 he says approval of his reservation would not alter his opposition a whit: "It would not make the treaty one ounce more acceptable to me."

Goldwater has become, of course, a Presidential aspirant. There are two signs of this: he has reserved the entire 15th floor of the Mark Hopkins Hotel (51 rooms) in San Francisco for the 1964 convention, and he has begun his Great Mutation. It is as much a part of Nature's wonderful plan for politicians to absorb their worn out opinions as it is for tadpoles to absorb their tail.

A Public Record

★ *Congressional Quarterly*, in a report on *The Public Record of Barry Goldwater* ($2; 1156 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.), has done a superb job of condensing this extraordinary record: "Goldwater appeared to be shifting his views slightly to the center," it observes, drily. All the juicy quotations are there: "Because Joe McCarthy lived, we are a safer, freer, more vigilant nation today," he said. Again: The John Birch followers "are the kind we need in politics." Or, "The Constitution is what its authors intended it to be and said it was – not what the Supreme Court says it is." There is the warhawk quotation about sending an "ultimatum" to Khrushchev, backed by a force "with appropriate nuclear weapons."

We hear a lot of political speculation these days, oddly enough, about Richard Nixon, though it hasn't yet got into print. GOP politicians dislike Romney; they think Rocky has ruined his chances by remarriage, and a Goldwater candidacy against Kennedy would, in its ultimate terms, become a fight between a GOP "war" party, and the Kennedy "peace" party. Most GOP leaders don't believe in suicide. Before it is over, Eisenhower Moderates may be begging Nixon to run.

Good Show

★ We keep wondering why Kennedy doesn't make more direct appeals to the nation, he does it so well. His appeal for a tax cut was one of the best TV speeches we have ever heard from a President, solemn, compassionate and responsible, with a background of reserved power. It was mercifully free from dubious promises to compensate tax cuts by cutting federal spending; Kennedy did too much of that the week before, to the business big shots under Henry Ford II. Every European country we know accepts deficit financing to spur employment as a commonplace; they make no differentiation between red ink caused by tax cut or by spending. Kennedy is the first US President in history to advocate this commonplace procedure and he is handicapped by following eight years of Eisenhower's witch-doctor superstitions. Even Kennedy has to apologize for increased spending in the starved public sector, and pretend that that is a bad thing although a tax cut is good. It was gratifying that the President soft pedaled this in his television talk to the nation, and maybe this had something to do with the powerful impression of commitment, and of righteous earnestness, which he projected.

Well, more power to him. Even so, our favorite Washington economist, Leon Keyserling, guesses that even *with* the tax cut we may have unemployment "well above 6 million" by 1966.

As to other matters, we never had any doubt that the test ban treaty would pass, after various Senators had done their posturing about it. The treaty doesn't go far; but it's magnificent that it goes at all. . . . And finally, TRB keeps going back, trying to figure out why that unforgettable March on Washington was so moving. It was because those people still believed in democracy. Yes, that was it. In spite of all, that endless line of people still had faith. But how long can they keep it? That is what we keep wondering.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 149 Number 13 Issue 2549 September 28, 1963*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 36, D. C. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1963 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.

THE WEEK

3. Who's Responsible? Southern Schooling; Ups and Downs; Kennedy Out West; Foreign Reports

ARTICLES

6. Oh Dad, Poor Dad
by Murray Kempton

9. Protectorate Under the Gun
by Stanley Uys

10. Coexistence and the Class Struggle
by Raymond Aron

12. The Whiteness of the Moon
by Alexander Welsh

13. Rebellion in the Air Force?
by Raymond D. Senter

16. Conserving the Old
by Wolf Von Eckardt

DEPARTMENTS

19. Books *24. Records* *28. Films*
27. Feiffer *30. Correspondence*

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Editors – Christopher Jencks, Robert Evett
Murray Kempton
Associate Editor – James Ridgeway
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Assistant to the Publisher – F. R. Ruskin
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel
Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes,
Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein,
B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin,
Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson,
Stanley Kauffmann, Walter Z. Laqueur,
Charles Burton Marshall, Helen Hill Miller

Who's Responsible?

What can one say to the dynamiting of four girls and the shooting of two boys? Nothing can suffice, not expressions of outrage or of sorrow, not the tolling of bells as in the churches of Birmingham or the sincere assumption of a common guilt by some white Southerners. The stunning bestiality of the act remains, not to be atoned for. But the dynamiting and the shooting in Birmingham on Sunday, September 15, are also events in a social revolution that has been in motion for nearly 10 years, and to see them in this light may be to see meaning in the martyrdom.

The tragedies occurred following a week of the most widespread and peaceful school desegregation – even if token desegregation – throughout the South since 1956. They followed a week during which, for the first time, the racism of Governor Wallace was openly regretted by representative Alabamans. Of course, Governor Wallace made a difference. But for him, desegregation might have been altogether quiet, even in Birmingham; Martin Luther King had a right to tell the Governor that the blood of the victims was on his hands. The real significance of the Birmingham tragedy, however, is that it finally nails the kind of politics that Governor Wallace represents, not merely, as in the past, to the mast of prejudice, but to the mast of murder.

Since Little Rock, the mob has been discrediting the segregationist cause in the country at large, and in parts of the Deep South (Georgia and South Carolina) too. Despite the shameful silence last week of all Southern Senators save Fulbright (where were the voices of such "respectables" as Russell, Ervin, Stennis, Long?), despite this sad demonstration of cowardice, we must assume that the majority of white Southerners, although suffering from a moral blind spot on the matter of segregation, do not wish to be accomplices to the killing of innocents, and that they will repudiate a cause that leads to murder. Six years ago, there was mobilized against the principle of school segregation the resistance of a populace. Now the active resistance is increasingly that of a lunatic or criminal element. For the future of both races in the South, this is a hopeful development.

But the Birmingham tragedy does raise the question – which Dr. King and Roy Wilkins insist be put to the President – of police protection of the Negro community in Birmingham and perhaps elsewhere in Alabama and Mississippi. What should the federal government do, and what can it do to keep the peace? The essential alternatives are stark: all (virtually federal martial law), or next to nothing (about

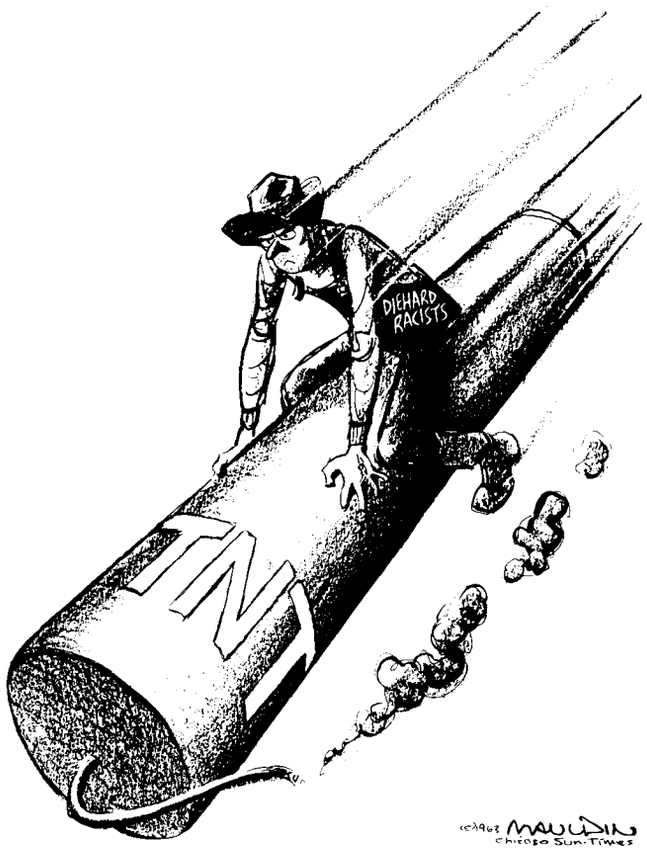
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what Washington has done in this instance) but there is something in between, toward which the Administration started when it ordered the FBI to help find the culprits. There is a federal statute, passed in 1960, which is applicable if, as may be presumed, the dynamite was brought across state lines. There can even be eventual federal prosecution in one form or another. But the essential point is that so long as the Constitutional federal structure is maintained, federal statutes and the federal police power can provide no effective substitute for the state criminal process. The essential need now is protection – deterrent prosecution after the fact being only one aspect of protection. And protection means day-to-day police activity, block by block.

The federal government ought not to take over the local police function unless it has totally broken down, for one day federal troops will, after all, have to move out, and what then? If local authorities are to be relieved of police responsibility practically automatically the moment a crime with racial implications has occurred, what expectation can we have that they will resume that responsibility when federal occupation ends, as ultimately it must?

Ominously, one of the fatalities of that awful Sunday was a police shooting. Nevertheless, the President's man on the scene – Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall, who was promptly sent down and who is worthy of everyone's trust – evidently did not advise that the Birmingham police were unable to deal with the situation, or that they were dealing with it unfairly. Indeed, they appeared to have solved one of the two shootings – but not the one for which one of their own number was responsible – and have made an arrest. The President does have some troops at the ready, and in the circumstances that is all that should be expected of him.

It is necessary to face the harsh reality that no community anywhere can have absolute protection against crime. The Negroes of Birmingham are reported to be organizing some protection of their own – look-outs and the like – against the bombers, which may help. It will help also if the police keep a close eye on some of the organizations in the South that preach violence. The FBI, as Joseph L. Rauh has suggested, might discreetly take a hand in this prophylactic activity. Nor would it be amiss for some House or Senate Committee to conduct an investigation and expose to view the dark underbelly of Southern society. Beyond this, it ought to be made clear to the local authorities in Birmingham – as we are confident it has been – that *they* are responsible for keeping order, and that the alternative is federal military occupation – a last resort, but a distinct possibility.



Kamikaze

Southern Schooling

The South has been struggling to catch up with the rest of the country in education, and slowly and painfully it is making progress – below the college level. But in higher education, particularly in the hot competition for talented graduate students, Southern schools are relatively worse off than they were when the Sixties began.

The Southern Regional Council reports, for example, that among Southern undergraduates who win Woodrow Wilson and National Science fellowships, only about half choose Southern graduate schools. Among Northerners at the same level of promise barely one in 85 goes South for graduate work. Both percentages have declined since 1959.

The South's history of segregation is, of course, a major contributor to this lag. Segregated higher education is expensive. In 1950 Florida spent $360,000 to create a Negro law school which has awarded just 32 degrees in the last eight years. This institution struggles on with 16 students who cost the state $60,000 in salaries alone, even though the integration it was built to forestall long ago came to the University of Florida.

In the meantime Florida finds itself short of the skilled labor needed by the modern industries which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have brought so much hope there. Sperry Rand told the United States Civil Rights Commission that its most severe problem in Florida was the shortage of trained workers. "I will take physicists, microwave engineers, and antenna engineers whether they be dark, light or pink," a Sperry executive told the Commission. "I'd be glad to steal them from any company in the area if we can get our hands on them. We have found that the schools that have been teaching electronics are about 10 to 15 years behind modern electronics."

Ups and Downs

Stock prices are at their highest levels ever, with the Dow-Jones index or Standard & Poor's indexes on the New York Stock Exchange up by nearly 40 percent in the 14 months since their hectic decline in the "Kennedy market" of last May. Most of the buyers in recent weeks have been pros; the little man, so badly stung in last year's decline, has yet to return to the market. Since there must be a seller for every buyer, the buyers are more optimistic than the sellers about the future of the economy and of corporate earnings.

People buy stocks because they feel that the return in the form of the combination of both dividends and increase in price is likely to exceed the return available on other investments. At present prices the dividends on stocks included in the major stock indexes yield about three percent, considerably below that on government-guaranteed bank deposits and savings and loan deposits. Even with the tax cut and full employment GNP, the dividend-price ratio would be less than four percent. If all corporate earnings were distributed as dividends, then investors would earn just over five percent on the basis of 1963 earnings and current stock prices. While this slightly exceeds the interest return on savings and loan deposits, it is below the after-tax yield on state and local bonds to most investors.

The chief incentive to stock buyers today, therefore, is that stock prices will continue to go up – that other individuals will be willing to pay a higher price for stocks tomorrow than they are selling for today. And the only reason they may be willing to do so is they expect that still others will pay more the day after tomorrow. None of this is rational; but economic ups and downs are inexplicable in purely rational terms. For example, if Congress fails to cut taxes as the President requests, the odds favor a recession next year; but the more the President emphasizes the likelihood of a recession in the absence of tax reduction, the more likely a recession if Congress fails to heed the President's advice. And even if this deficit-scared Congress passes the measure, the projected increase of $7 billion in after-tax income for households and business firms in 1964 may prove inadequate to avoid a recession: the industrial production index turned down in August; the outlook seems dim for increased spending on housing, on government services and on autos, which produced an economic growth of about 3.5 percent in 1963.

Kennedy Out West

Under John F. Kennedy, and for the first time since 1947, substantial additions have been made to the national park system with the creation of three national seashores – on Cape Cod in the Northeast, on Padre Island in Texas and on Point Reyes just north of San Francisco. Other proposals have been sent to Congress to preserve New York's Fire Island, Maryland's Assateague Island, Missouri's Ozark River, Utah's Canyonlands and the Oregon Dunes as well as a strip of prairie in Kansas and rugged vistas elsewhere in the West and Midwest. With the President's backing, Secretary Udall has also asked Congress to set up a Land and Water Conservation Fund that would amass $2 billion over the next 10 years to be used by the states and the federal government for buying land and water areas for recreational uses, particularly in the crowded East. The money would be raised largely by levying modest user fees on visitors to national parks.

Before Congress, too, is legislation providing for a review of the conflicting laws governing the use and sale of the more than 700 million acres of public land still owned by the federal government. The Public Land Law Review Commission proposed by this legislation would make the first comprehensive review of land laws and policies since Herbert Hoover was in the White House. Such a review could lead to better protection of wilderness areas, valuable timber resources, grasslands and minerals beneath the public domain. Still hung up in the House is the Administration-backed Wilderness Bill, which is designed to make existing primitive areas forever inviolate. All this adds up to a conservation record unmatched since the New Deal.

On the controversial matter of generating and transmitting electric power, the Administration has recognized the tremendous public stake involved in breathtaking technological developments of the last five years. To take advantage of the new electric-power "giantism" (it is now possible to generate power in huge blocs and transmit it economically for 1,000 miles or more), the Administration fought and won the battle for the construction of a generating plant to put to work the waste steam from the Hanford, Wash., nuclear reactor. Now the Administration is leading the fight for the building of public transmission lines to interconnect the vast power resources of the Pacific Northwest with the huge market in Southern California. On the East Coast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Udall has revived the Passamaquoddy Project to harness the tides of Maine's Bay of Fundy and provide additional power for the Northeast.

The reclamation program, which stagnated under the "no new starts" policy of the early Eisenhower years, has been revived by the Kennedy Administration. Generally viewed in the East as pork-barrel spending, this 60-year-old program has provided much of the dependable water supply that has made rapid expansion of the West possible. The $5 billion worth of projects now in the reclamation pipelines will provide water largely for industrial and municipal uses rather than for irrigation.

The saline water conversion program, which began with painful slowness under the Eisenhower Administration, has been stepped up and is on the verge of important breakthroughs. Plans are being developed for the construction of huge atomic-powered plants on Key West and in Southern California to turn the sea into fresh drinking water at a cost comparable to that now charged for water in the arid West. For the Southwest, where California and Arizona have been arguing for generations over the waters of the Colorado River, Udall has proposed an imaginative $1.9 billion regional water development plan. Its foundation is the recent US Supreme Court decision dividing the waters of the Lower Colorado. The Udall plan would utilize the proposed giant salt water conversion plant in Southern California to help supply the area's water needs.

The Administration's conservation record is not all good, however. It has failed to bring about badly-needed reforms in the control of water pollution. The US Public Health Service still refuses to become alarmed about polluted rivers and streams so long as a heavy dose of chemicals can make the water fit to drink. The Interior Department's conservation record is not all that it could be, either. In recent years its Fish and Wildlife Service used pesticides in a shameful manner and the Bureau of Land Management has often vacillated under the pressures of cattlemen and the lumber and mining industries, though there have been no charges of "giveaways" as there were when the late Douglas McKay was Mr. Eisenhower's Secretary of the Interior. On Capitol Hill Udall is regarded by some as being too interested in capturing headlines with his outspoken comments and his vigorous "outdoorsmanship" (he has just returned from a two-week trip to East Africa which included climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro), but even Udall's critics in Washington and in the West concede that he has publicized the Nation's conservation needs and has probably accomplished more than any Secretary of Interior since Franklin D. Roosevelt's volatile Harold Ickes. That may prove no small asset in 1964, for whatever the purpose of the President's trip West this week (the White House insists it is non-political), good conservation is also good politics in the Western states.

A Most American Activity

Oh Dad, Poor Dad

The crime of the 57 students who ran away to spend the summer with Fidel Castro was at bottom truancy. Their appearance last week before the House Un-American Activities Committee was bound then to be the meeting of the alienated adolescent and the helpless parent, and it played out faithful to the ritual appointed of that painful and peculiar American ceremony.

Chairman Edwin Willis was Daddy, these truant young were Bud and Cheryl, and Fidel Castro was the delinquent with whom they had stayed out late.

The witness closest to the familiar ritual was Larry W. Phelps, 22, of Burlington, Mass. He had on a black suit and glasses and a slouch which at once tore the maternal half of the heart to see him so vulnerable, and outraged the paternal half of the stomach to see him so cheeky. He had been cast for the adolescent explaining what had happened to the car. He was asked why he had defied the State Department's injunction against Americans traveling to Cuba, and he answered that he would travel where he damned pleased. In that chair and that seat, no tone but the brat's was available to Larry Phelps. Between times he muttered and cast his eye about to light once on Congressman Tuck of Virginia and said: "Congressman Tuck, why don't you put out your cigar."

Long before then, Chairman Willis had called the cops, because the other dreadful moment inevitable in the American domestic scene is the one when one of the kids questions Daddy's dignity, which is enough to make Daddy lose it entire. At the end of the first day's hearing one William Massey arose by the press tables in the House Caucus Room to cry out that America had become a totalitarian country, and no one present had time to reflect how ridiculous this was before three policemen picked him up and threw him out.

By the second day, the police were bumping more bodies down those marble stairs, and Congressional secretaries scurried around chirping "There they are" as though the real thing had come to Washington.

As a riot, it was hardly the real thing by the gaudy tradition Americans so continually refresh; but historically it may have been a minuscule expression of that real thing which appears more and more the point of a period when the Soviets have lost control of the revolution and we have lost control of the counterrevolution. Mr. Khrushchev has raised children who may devour the revolution; we have raised children who seem perfectly equipped to assassinate their parents.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The final conflict could be against us middle-aged. There has arisen a Fifth International whose slogan is parricide and whose coming was signaled by the symbolic moment when Fidel Castro expropriated his mother's property. The trip to Cuba was organized by the Progressive Labor Movement, which is proudly Marxist-Leninist and led by young men who left the American Communist Party because it seemed to them old and tired. The Khrushchevite American Communist Party dismissed the entire student trip as "adventurism" – a scientifically socialist expression for "adolescent"; with instinctive solidarity with parents of all creeds, the Un-American Activities Committee put into the record the Communist Party's verdict that these youngsters were "neo-Trotskyites." Oddly enough it was the only documented evidence of their subversion introduced.

The Committee otherwise followed the tradition of a time when parents could manage things, and opened by serving up that tested exhibit from a Lost Arcadia, the Good Boy. Barry Hoffman, a Boston real estate man of 26, had made the trip as a volunteer agent for the FBI and the CIA.

Barry worked from that level of moral outrage to which these services entitled any good American, but his recollection of the goings on in Cuba would have made a normal debutante party sound like something by Louis Ferdinand Céline. His fellow travelers, he said, avoided the Soviet Embassy and sought the madder music of Red Chinese movies. They only conferred with the enemy once: Fidel Castro challenged one student to a game of Ping Pong. Castro kept score and won and tried another. The game was close and Castro took off his combat boots and won again.

"He wanted," said Barry Hoffman, "to play again. He went on for two-and-a-half to three hours. Four or five students played him. They wanted to go on, but he said, 'I'm sorry. I can't. I've got to get back to affairs of state'. I believe that was some indication of how his mind works." That was the best intelligence the Good Boy could bring back, and it was depressing to think how much of the CIA's files the Fifth International will force it to fill with material like that. Another difficulty with the Fifth International is that, being young, its members scorn that secrecy which the Communist Party, being middle-aged, finds necessary to the operations of any small business.

Some of Hoffman's co-voyagers then took their turn and called him the names normally bad children use on abnormally good ones: "Creep, cretin, rat, fink" and were applauded generally by the audience. Chairman Willis by then was calling the cops to eject anyone who applauded an unfilial statement. But he had lost his chance for real control long before, when he allowed the audience to applaud Hoffman's recollection of the statement of one student leader that the Un-American Activities Committee was the scum of Congress. Willis could have said that he thought it a bit much to listen to applause for a statement that he was scum and would clear the audience of the innocent and guilty alike if it happened again. But he let that moment pass and with it his chance for dignity.

By the second day, the Committee had asked the policemen to bar from the hearing room all persons who seemed to them likely to offer the sort of trouble which until now had consisted of little more than applause for offensive remarks. The cops could do nothing but fall back on the standards of appearance parents have for the kind of children who seem to them acceptable guests in the house. This meant a general bar on men with beards and girls with sandals. The American Nazi Party delegation was waved through, being known to the custodians of order as neighbors who may not be of the best class but can be trusted not to break the furniture or smoke pot. A young pacifist of neat dress and impeccable manners was observed in line reading a work of Mahatma Gandhi; there was no other visible reason why he was waved out of line. The same thing happened to a young lady from Swarthmore who had happened just to come around to watch a Congressional hearing but had made the mistake of wearing flat-heeled shoes. The innocent went meekly; the guilty had to be carried out kicking at times.

Milton Rosen, leader of the Progressive Labor Movement, whose responsibilities of office induce him to wear a coat and tie was admitted in the afternoon; he had been barred in the morning when he arrived with a Negro comrade. One witness, Cathy Krensky, said that she was a Socialist because she wanted an America where the Negroes of Louisiana would be unchained to dispose of such as Chairman Willis with their votes, and, from this audience supposedly cleared of decorum risks, the applause began again. Willis called the police and a middle-aged man about the height and girth of a fire plug dumped one policeman to the floor and was subdued only with handcuffs.

When it was over, the Committee had an extraordinary moment of sympathy from journalists who are ordinarily its enemies but would not in this crisis be traitors to their age group. David Brinkley, whose gift is usually his detachment, talked with genuine indignation about these beatniks and quoted the *Washington Daily News* to the effect that the offenders were young men who hated their fathers and girls who had never had dates. The general tone was that of a father whose daughter had asked him if she could move to Greenwich Village. There was talk of affronts to the dignity of Congress as though the House Committee were an example of the dignity of Congress, and as though dignity were not the responsibility of grownups rather than adolescents.

MURRAY KEMPTON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN REPORTS

MALAYSIA: *That "Neo-Colonial" Plan*

★ Within two days of its birth as an independent nation, Malaysia (consisting of the former British territories of Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo) broke off relations with neighboring Indonesia and the Philippines. Both countries refused the new nation diplomatic recognition; both regard its formation as a "neo-colonial" plan whereby the British seek to perpetuate their influence in Southeast Asia. This is an essentially correct analysis: the British will keep their large naval base at Singapore and the West views Malaysia as a safe and secure anchor at the bottom of the Southeast Asian peninsula. However, the intentions of the Philippines and Indonesia are no less crass. The Philippines had hoped at the moment of British withdrawal to renew an old and spurious claim to part of oil-rich North Borneo. The Indonesians who control most of Borneo also would like to take over the rich northern sections; and the Communists in Jakarta are, of course, incensed at the continuing Western influence. Last week the British embassy in Jakarta was set afire; the Indonesians can be counted on to keep up their fierce guerrilla warfare along Malaysia's borders. Australia is sending aid to Malaysia which is too weak to withstand Sukarno's strong army and Washington is working to quiet both Indonesia and the Philippines.

FRANCE: *Growth without Inflation*

★ The idea behind President de Gaulle's recently announced Stabilization Plan is to push the French economy ahead with one hand and hold back prices (five percent higher than they were a year ago) with the other. Thus, while the government will apply a credit squeeze and a price freeze on manufactured goods, it also is introducing a number of measures such as reducing military service, paring the budget deficit, cutting taxes on gasoline and cigarettes, to gladden the populace. The General has left the impression he will keep his hands off wages, a very difficult policy should inflation persist.

Jean Daniel reports from Paris, however, that "the most obvious problem for the French people is not the need for increased production, but for a better distribution of income. To date, prosperity in France embodies the most vicious aspect of capitalism – in other words, it benefits one class of society only. A survey of the vast array of financial measures presented with such artful skill to the public fails to reveal a trace of any kind of tax on the most outrageous excess profits. Just to take one example: at this juncture it would be difficult to envisage any successor of de Gaulle's who would have the courage to attack the chemical industries. This is a field where expansion has been tremendous but where management and labor form a united front of anti-government interests, since the chemical workers are the highest paid wage-earners in France. For this situation it would be necessary to have the kind of contract which the British trade unions appear to have concluded with the Labourites, promising to help Mr. Wilson after he is in power to put a program of price stabilization and income distribution into effect."

AUSTRALIA: *Those Widows in San Francisco*

★ Australians are now beginning to look the gift horse of foreign investment in the mouth – and what they find many don't like. Political leaders, ranging from the Deputy Leader of the Labour Opposition to no less a personage than Minister of Trade John McEwen have been busy attacking overseas exploitation with an enthusiasm akin to that of Latin American nationalists.

Since 1945 more than $4,460 millions of overseas investment has found its way to Australia. Most of the money came from Britain but in the 1951-61 decade 17 percent came from the US. Since then the US share has grown rapidly and a new wave of takeovers in the Australian food industry is expected; and it is no secret that key sectors of the continent's economy are controlled by US groups.

This and spreading Americanism lies behind much of the current attack on foreign investment. Having outgrown their mother complex about Britain, Australians now are peculiarly chauvinistic and have little desire to be colonized again by Uncle Sam – whose supermarkets and motels are to be found even in small country towns, "piling up profits which are then remitted to widows in San Francisco," as large dividend payments.

In addition, Australia must pay out nearly $100 million annually in license fees to arrange for importation of goods from abroad. This places an additional strain on her reserves. Although the country's export income has doubled since 1947 to $220 million in 1962, the overseas private investment has increased fourfold. The amount of income from exports needed to pay this investment debt is increasing annually since export prices now are in decline. Last year this situation forced Australia into a serious deficit. Labour leader Whitlam, has additionally charged that foreign investors are taking over existing enterprises and duplicating local products for which there is no real demand, while overseas control of key sectors of industry makes it almost impossible for the Government to regulate the economy by orthodox financial means.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VERWOERD'S "OFFER" IS NOT AS CRAZY AS IT SEEMS

Protectorates Under the Gun

Cape Town

By "offering" to guide the British High Commission Territories of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland to political independence and economic prosperity, Dr. Verwoerd has put the cat among the pigeons. Africans in all three territories have raised a cry of alarm, the white settlers have been thrown into confusion, and Whitehall has retreated into stunned silence.

Historically, Dr. Verwoerd's "offer" is not as crazy as it seems. It is simply a variation on a theme – the theme being the persistent efforts of South African governments for more than 50 years to bring the territories under their control. In the last century, the territories evaded Boer encroachment by coming under British administration. Basutoland, at the request of its famous chief, Moshesh, was declared British territory in 1868. It is a tiny, mountainous, impoverished little "islet" within South Africa. Bechuanaland was made a protectorate in similar circumstances in 1885, when Chief Khama III followed Moshesh's example. Swaziland was administered jointly by the United Kingdom and Transvaal Governments for a while, but in 1906 its administration was transferred to the British High Commissioner. In 1909 when South Africa's constitution was being drawn up, the Africans of all three territories asked that they should not be included in the proposed Union. They were given an assurance that no immediate change in their administration was contemplated, but provision for their *possible eventual transfer* to South Africa was made in the South Africa Act, 1909. Tirelessly after that, South African governments pressed Britain to transfer the territories, and when the National Government came to power in 1948, the pressure was intensified. The worldwide revulsion against apartheid, however, was shared by the Africans in the territories, and gradually it became apparent even to the Nationalist Government that incorporation was a dead duck. Dr. Verwoerd admitted as much when he told a Nationalist Party Congress in September last year that incorporation was no longer "practical." The British Government, meanwhile, which had been setting the territories on the road to independence, thereby estranging them further from South African policies, also confirmed that incorporation was out of the question.

A new situation has arisen in the past few years, however, which has caused the Nationalist Government to reappraise its relations with the territories. The elements of this new situation are the use to which South African refugees have put the territories as places of political asylum, and the likelihood of these territories becoming hostile, independent states on South Africa's borders. Dr. Verwoerd feels he cannot afford to allow the territories to become "bases for subversion."

The use of the territories as havens by South African refugees began in earnest after the state of emergency in South Africa in 1960. Basutoland, originally, was the host territory. It was there, in the capital, Maseru, that Potlako Leballo, self-styled leader of the banned Pan-Africanist Congress, established his headquarters, and announced (early in 1963) that he was planning an uprising in South Africa. Leballo spoke too loudly, and the Basutoland police raided his office and captured, allegedly, a list of names of 20,000 PAC members in South Africa. Leballo, himself, disappeared – some say he is in hiding, others that he is dead. The upshot of the raid was that the British Government announced that, while it would still give political asylum to refugees, it would not permit them to plot against South Africa. Leballo thus spoiled the market for refugees.

Until refugees began using the territories as escape routes, the borders were unpatrolled and there was no passport control. Now 36 border posts have been established, there is strict passport control (since July 1), and the territories, for formal purposes, have become foreign countries. One result of this has been to bring Bechuanaland into the limelight, because, unlike Basutoland, which is deep in South African territory, it is a take-off point for places further north, notably Dar-es-Salaam, in Tanganyika. It is estimated that at least 500 refugees, mostly Africans, have poured out through Bechuanaland during the past three years. Some, apparently, have gone for guerrilla training in Algeria, Ethiopia and elsewhere, and they hope to return one day to apply their newly-learnt skills. The latest celebrated arrivals in Bechuanaland were the Johannesburg escapees, Arthur Goldreich and Harold Wolpe. Their flight plane blew up on Francistown airfield, they were threatened personally, and generally the small community of whites in the territory took up a hostile attitude to them. Goldreich and Wolpe thereupon went into voluntary police custody, and the assembled press corps used to watch them playing cricket in the yard of Her Majesty's Prison.

When Dr. Verwoerd saw the direction in which relations with territories were developing, he assembled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the apparatus which would give him a certain stranglehold on their economies, especially on Basutoland's. It works this way: there are an estimated 400,000 Africans from these underdeveloped territories working in South Africa (approximately 300,000 from Basutoland alone); but there are 500,000 Africans unemployed in South Africa (or so the government says). The argument is that the burden of unemployment, surely, should be shifted on to the "foreign" Africans, and that they should be repatriated. In Basutoland's case, this would mean bankruptcy.

Dr. Verwoerd has made no move yet to apply a labor squeeze, but it is against this background that he has made the "offer" to the High Commission Territories, suggesting to them that there is little Britain can do for them in the long term and that they have no future in isolation. In other words, Dr. Verwoerd has told the territories that they swim or sink with him.

This is one aspect of the "offer." There is another – the international propaganda aspect. For a decade or longer, the West has been looking beseechingly at Dr. Verwoerd, hoping that he will be able to modify his race policies in a way that will enable them to support him. Recently, in desperation, certain circles in the West have considered the idea of large-scale partition as the only solution of the race problem. They feel that if only Dr. Verwoerd could allocate the 11 million Africans more than the present 13 percent of the surface area of South Africa (with the remaining 87 percent, embracing the country's wealth, reserved for the 5 million whites, coloreds and Asians!), they might be able to find a way of coming to terms with him. Well, Dr. Verwoerd has now made them their "offer": if the three High Commission Territories can be counted in as Black "homelands," then the allocation in Southern Africa will be nearer 50 percent, and that surely will be almost equitable? The audacity of the "offer" is patent, but the Nationalist Government has survived on this kind of ingenuity for 15 years.

The decision whether to accept or reject Dr. Verwoerd's "offer" lies with the African inhabitants of the territories. Their reaction, so far, has been violently antagonistic, and it would not be surprising if some of them began looking to the UN and the Afro-Asian bloc for protection. The leaders of the political movements in the territories particularly are alarmed at Dr. Verwoerd's remark that he would make the territories "democratic states in which the masses would not be dominated by a small group of authoritarians." This is a notification that Dr. Verwoerd would do what he has done in South Africa – resuscitate the tribal system, through the medium of "Bantu Authorities," and form an alliance with the chiefs at the expense of the young political parties and nationalist movements.

STANLEY UYS

Coexistence and the Class Struggle

On March 8, 1963, Khrushchev spoke at great length on culture, abstract art, dodecaphonic music (cacophonic, he called it), and several other topics. The central theme of his speech was summarized in the statement:

> "We must analyze the problem of humanism and determine what is good for some people and bad for others. Here – as in all problems – we must base our conclusions on a class viewpoint, our point of departure being defense of the workers' interests. So long as there are social classes in the world, there will be no such thing as an absolute good. What is good for the bourgeoisie, for the imperialists, is disastrous for the working class; and conversely, what is good for the workers is considered inadmissible by the imperialists and the bourgeoisie."

On the basis of this principle of absolute hostility, Khrushchev built up a logical argument rejecting the possibility of ideological coexistence:

> "Politics is not a joking matter. Those who propagate the notion of peaceful coexistence in the ideological field are lapsing, objectively at least, into anti-Communist attitudes. The enemies of Communism would like us to be ideologically disarmed. They seek to attain this perfidious goal by propaganda in favor of a peaceful coexistence of differing ideologies, a Trojan horse they would gladly introduce into our midst!"

Now let us turn to the glib reply which the Central Committee of the Communist Party in the USSR addressed last July 15 to the letter from the Central Committee of the Chinese Party: "All the forces for peace are uniting in the struggle to prevent war. They may differ in their class composition and in their class interests, but they can be united by the struggle for peace looking toward the prevention of war, because *the atomic bomb does not adhere to the class principle:* it destroys each and every one within the radius of action of its destructive power."

In short, everything that is good for the bourgeoisie is disastrous for the working class, and vice versa – except atomic peace which is in the common interest of both the workers and the bourgeoisie because the bomb, indifferent to Marxist-Leninist doctrine, renders no allegiance to the class principle. However, this interest which is common to every class of society is, accord-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to the Central Committee's letter, confined strictly to the prevention of a nuclear war. Everything else remains the same: "We are completely for the destruction of imperialism and capitalism. Not only do we believe in the inevitable destruction of capitalism, but we are doing everything in our power to bring about this destruction through 'the class struggle' and 'as quickly as possible'." Still more specifically, the March 8th formula is reiterated on July 15 almost word for word and is referred to as a principle so self-evident as to scarcely merit special mention: "Of course the principle of peaceful coexistence absolutely cannot be applied to the relations between the opposing classes within the capitalist nations. It is inadmissible to apply it to the struggle being waged by the working class against the bourgeoisie for its class interests, or to the fight being carried on by the oppressed nations of the world against colonialism. The CPSU hereby affirms its resolute opposition to peaceful coexistence in the ideological area. These are elementary axioms which it is high time for all those who consider themselves Marxists to grasp."

These writers who recently returned from a conference in the USSR and proclaimed the advent of ideological coexistence simply do not understand the subtleties of Marxism-Leninism. There is one and only one exception to the principle of class struggle: nuclear peace. But this exception, unique though it may be, raises some embarrassing questions for the ideologists.

The first is an entirely practical difficulty. How is capitalism to be defeated if war is outlawed? In theory, of course, neither Marxists nor Marxist-Leninists have contended that social revolution must necessarily be preceded by war; in reality, however, the expansion of the so-called socialist regimes took place on the heels of the two major wars of our century.

The Bomb and the Class Principle

It takes really unshakable faith to believe that there will be a revolt of the working classes in the most advanced capitalist countries, where the living standard is on the rise. Indeed, the letter from the Russian Communist Party recognizes that "... the imperialists will never be resigned to voluntarily retire from the scene, to climb into the coffin of their own will without first using the extreme means available to them."

But the theoretical difficulty is even more serious than the practical one. Can the fundamental principle of a doctrine be saved after an exception to it has been found? Is it possible to go on maintaining that what is good for the proletariat is bad for the bourgeoisie, and vice versa, if today the first task for all is to prevent war, which would be equally bad for both opposing classes? For the past 10 years the Soviet leaders have vacillated between two positions, one which is reasonable but dangerous for orthodoxy; and another which is unreasonable but favorable to ideological purity.

Even before Khrushchev's time, Malenkov had suggested that a nuclear war would bury capitalism and socialism alike. He was severely criticized and told, in reply, that by Marxist decree capitalism alone would succumb to a war, even a nuclear war. Today, Khrushchev has revived Malenkov's thesis and is even stressing it, since he is using the highly heretical (ideologically speaking) formula: "The bomb does not subscribe to the class principle."

Of course the effort to prevent nuclear war is presented as one aspect of the struggle against imperialism; it does not involve peaceful coexistence on the ideological level. However, in March the rejection of the concept of ideological coexistence was at the very core of Khrushchev's speech, whereas in the July letter it is given only a few lines in a document which contains thousands upon thousands of words. If peace must still be imposed on imperialism by force, a logical but ideologically dangerous question is posed: "Do the Chinese comrades believe that all the bourgeois governments are completely irrational in everything they do?" If the imperialists can also act rationally without being compelled to do so by force, *e.g.*, by the working class and the Communist Parties, where are we headed, and what will become of the absolutism of the principle of class struggle?

In March, the pressure rose in the ideological barometer and the intellectuals, who are always the first to be affected by changes in the ideological weather, suffered various condemnations in unequivocal terms. In July the pressure dropped. Khrushchev became cool toward Mao Tse-tung, and made overtures to Tito. Poems inspired by the spirit of the new Soviet wave were written and widely distributed. And there is no indication that these oscillations in the ideological climate have come to an end. Today Khrushchev is protecting himself on the Left, hence he is leaning toward the Right and goes for friendly strolls in Yugoslavia. Will he follow out the logic of peaceful coexistence to its end? Will he admit that even in ideological matters, the fight should be peaceful – that is, it should be waged in free confrontation. This is still inconceivable, and for this reason those hopefuls who already believe that the Russo-American test-ban treaty will be transformed into an alliance – in due and proper form – against the dissidents, China and France, greatly underestimate the strength which ideology still retains in the Soviet Union and on the world scene.

No doubt about it: although the atomic bomb does not bow to the class principle, it certainly enriches the Hegel-Marx dialectic of contradiction.

Raymond Aron

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Welsh

The Whiteness of the Moon

The moon race has nothing to do with military security or communications or mountain-climbing; it is "the dying technological gasp of patriarchy."

Last spring, momentarily, the space issue almost became rational. The unanimity of the experts, at least, was broken. Prominent scientists and others raised their voices against the plan to send a man to the moon. Their argument was utilitarian: it would be much more useful to mankind and to the United States to spend $30 billion on health and education, or on kinds of research that might be starved of talent as well as money by the effort to put a man on the moon. Being honest and perceptive men, however, the scientists had to concede that even if the moon race were cancelled outright, the people of the United States would not be willing to devote this amount of money and effort to useful tasks.

But no one has yet explained *why* the American people are willing to pour billions of dollars into the space gap instead of spending it on themselves. Why *are* we unanimously agreeable to sending a man to the moon?

The foremost argument for the steady exploration of space is the development of new communications. But that will not explain our strange insistence on *manned* vehicles.

The military argument for manned space flights begins to be more interesting. Technically this argument pertains to a communications problem, but at bottom it supplies the same holocaustic sense of drama that makes science fiction compelling reading for so many people. The sense of drama can be relished, for example, in the argument of General Thomas S. Power in the *Air Force and Space Digest:* "We may find that, eventually, the only really survivable command-and-control structure – not only for SAC but for all our military forces – would be one employing a maneuverable command post in space." That argument clearly passes our rule-of-thumb test of irrationality. (Of course, from a strictly personal point of view the proposal might be quite rational – *i.e.*, if the commander of the Strategic Air Command could get himself personally into a maneuverable command post while the rest of us fry, I think he might have something. But I am sure he doesn't mean it that way.)

As for the counter-military argument for space flights – the idea that a race to the moon would function like an athletic contest, a noble alternative to war – that, too, like so many other answers, begs the question, since it does not explain *why* a space race should be appealing enough to become a substitute for war. We keep coming back to that question.

Two journalists have hinted at more direct answers. Edwin Diamond, writing in the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists,* has proposed that both the space and the arms races may be a technological version of potlatch, a ritual practiced among the Kwakiutl Indians in which "two clans would gather around the fire and their chiefs would vie with each other in throwing the clan's most valued property into the fire." Such a ritual burning of resources by the USA and USSR seems properly irrational and may be the answer to our search. It is true that Mr. Diamond tries to rationalize this ritual by suggesting that the whole idea is to exhaust the resources of the other side, and there he is wrong. The space race could have that rational effect, but clearly that is not our unanimous intention. The prestige of conspicuous waste is sufficient. Veblen and the Kwakiutl Indians were undoubtedly acquainted.

And then Russell Baker of *The New York Times* reported from Cocoa Beach that there was something in the mood of the crowd at the last American launching that made him mindful of Aztec sacrifices. Eager to find out more about human sacrifices, I looked up Sir James Frazer on the subject, and was rewarded with a generous description of the prototype of the astronaut. "At the festival called Toxcatl, the greatest festival of the Mexican year, a young man was annually sacrificed in the character of Tezcatlipoca, 'the god of gods,' after having been maintained and worshipped as that great deity in person for a whole year. . . . The young man singled out for this high dignity was carefully chosen. . . . If through high living he grew too fat, he was obliged to reduce himself by drinking salt water. . . .

ALEXANDER WELSH *is an assistant professor of English at Yale University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Women came forth with children in their arms and presented them to him. . . . All those who thus worshipped him on his passage he saluted gravely and courteously. Lest he should flee, he was everywhere attended by a guard . . . and if he contrived to escape, the captain of the guard had to take his place as the representative of the god and to die in his stead. . . . On the last day the young man . . . was ferried across the lake to a spot where a little hill rose from the edge of the water. It was called the Mountain of Parting, because there his wives bid him a last farewell. . . ." The Aztecs even anticipated the Russians in this field. Frazer devotes more pages to the worship and sacrifice of a female victim. I take it to be not without significance, however, that after the girl's head was taken off, a male priest wriggled into her skin and performed a certain dance. What would we do without Fraser? And thank you, Sir Russell Baker, chief anthropologist of the *Times*.

A year ago at Houston President Kennedy himself toasted the *credo quod absurdum est* of the space race. Why do we wish to go to the moon? "Because it's there," he said, quoting the attitude of George Mallory toward Mt. Everest. It sounds well, but when you get to thinking about it, "because it's there" is a justification of any kind of behavior at all, and therefore of none. Why do you want to borrow the car, son? "Because it's there." Why do you want to jump in the well, mother? "Because it's there."

The comparison of moon-shooting and mountain-climbing doesn't quite work in any case. Mountain-climbing is something of an aristocratic sport, and the mountain-climber is an odd sort, a bit mad. American astronauts, on the other hand, are carefully screened to be sure they are sturdily normal in their reactions – very different, say, from the *gemini* chosen by Melville to man the boats of the *Pequod*. (For every Starbuck, Stubb, or Flask there was a Queequeg, a Tashtego, or a Daggoo.)

Moon-shooting is an immensely more popular spectator sport than mountain-climbing or whaling. Is this merely because of television? Or is it easier for the citizen to associate himself with a helpless hero, strapped down on the top of a big, big rocket? Who can associate with mountain-climbers? But this other hero, in the same posture that you and I spend most of our days – imagine him there in his womb-like enclosure with the improved umbilical cords attached to his strange suit. The moon race is nothing less than the dying technological gasp of patriarchy: an ordinary man in a man-made uterus, perched on the tip of a huge phallus with a tremendous thrust, ready to be born without woman on the dry surface of the moon, or else to crack, like Humpty Dumpty.

I dropped Frazer on the floor beside the chair and eased down *Moby Dick*: "It was the whiteness of the whale that above all things appalled me. . . . Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way? . . . The palsied universe lies before us like a leper." Plenty of reasons for pursuing a white whale. "And of all these things the Albino whale was the symbol. Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?" This year I won't tell the students how the book ends. Why spoil it for them?

Rebellion in the Air Force?

by Raymond D. Senter

The Air Force's ruling hierarchy is in open defiance of its Constitutional Commander-in-Chief, and in some ways the situation bears a growing resemblance to the fictional story-line of last year's best-seller *Seven Days in May*, the account of a nearly successful military coup by an Air Force general in protest against a nuclear arms treaty just concluded with the Russians. Not that I think a "putsch" is in the offing. The more likely prospect is that there will be an attempt to enlist the efforts of the USAF's rank and file to elect a President who is believed to be more tractable to the Air Force's demands – obviously Senator Barry Goldwater, a major general in the Air Force Reserve who has long been its outspoken and uncritical supporter on the Hill.

Ironically, two years ago the new Kennedy Administration had the full endorsement of the USAF. It had named the Air Force to manage all future military space programs, ending the threat to that service's space am-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bitions from the Army and Navy; it also was responding to urgent requests for additional billions for Minuteman ICBMs and to keep more bombers on airborne and ground alert.

In an amorphous military organization of nearly a million men, it might be difficult to know "what the Air Force thinks" if it were not that the USAF has a voice which always speaks with authority, if unofficially; this is the Air Force Association (AFA). AFA's own voice is a monthly publication, known as *Air Force Magazine/ Space Digest*, financed by advertisements from USAF's aerospace contractors and supplemented once a year by an AFA "Statement of Policy" proposed by the board of directors during the Association's annual convention. This statement is always approved without change by those in attendance.

An Alarmist Statement

The most recent evidence of open defiance of the President by USAF's ruling hierarchy, confirming early storm warnings, was a harsh statement opposing the nuclear test ban treaty issued on September 12 during the recent AFA convention in Washington. This came after top USAF officers had had full opportunity to make known their views in closed Senate subcommittee hearings and while the treaty was up for ratification.

Secretary of the Air Force Eugene Zuckert, long considered a friend of the Air Force, found the AFA policy statement "so immoderate" and "alarmist" that he abruptly cancelled his scheduled appearance at an AFA reception held in his honor. The AFA then released a statement saying that those of its members who are in the Air Force on active duty were not entitled to participate in the drafting of such policy statements or to vote on their acceptance. This would leave the vote up to retired Air Force personnel and aerospace industry contractors in attendance. The latter, making up about 70 percent of those present, could not be expected to vote against a proposal by their best customer!

Thus, while this AFA disclaimer is literally true, its implications are hogwash. Anyone who has followed these annual policy statements or the *Air Force Magazine* knows that they never deviate one iota from official Air Force views as enunciated in budget hearings and public speeches by top USAF officers. Whenever the Air Force seeks, or plans to seek, funds for a new weapon, that weapon receives overwhelming endorsement editorially in *Air Force Magazine*. No Soviet satellite ever hewed more closely to the Moscow party line than the AFA follows the party line of the ruling clique of Air Force officers.

If the recent AFA statement is "alarmist," it merely follows in the pattern of earlier statements which always warn of dire consequences unless more funds are given to the Air Force to satiate its ravenous appetite. (It now consumes about 20 percent of the total federal budget.) The AFA never seems to worry about military threats to the nation which would not enhance the Air Force's budget.

The AFA's 1960 statement of policy, issued during the closing hours of the Eisenhower Administration, began this way: "Historically, the US has risen to its full stature only in times of grave emergency. Such an emergency exists today." The AFA then proceeded to criticize "the dangerous strategic concept of so-called 'minimum deterrence' [which] is undermining the nation's defense effort. . . . The shrinking margin of our deterrent posture, already thin enough to encourage Soviet ventures into nuclear rocket blackmail, must be widened with all speed and *at all costs*." (Italics added.)

Like a small boy sitting on Santa's knee, AFA listed its urgent desires: "SAC must be modernized, dispersed and hardened, with a substantial portion made mobile on the ground and in the air. ICBM production and deployment must be accelerated. The B-70 Mach 3 bomber program must . . . be given stature as a full-fledged weapon system. The number of aircraft maintained on airborne alert must be raised to a meaningful level – at least double the present programmed rate." The rest of the list included air defense, early warning and tactical air needs.

The Air Force hoped the new Administration was listening. But what about the outgoing Eisenhower Administration? Had it been as niggardly as this AFA statement would imply? During the last year of the Truman Administration, while the Korean War was in progress, the Air Force had received $4.7 billion for new aircraft, missiles, research and development. In 1960, the year of the foregoing AFA statement, the Air Force received nearly $8 billion for the same items, an increase of 70 percent over the 1952 figure.

Soon after taking office, the Kennedy Administration sought increased funds beyond those originally programmed by the previous Administration to meet some of these Air Force requests; yet in September, 1961, things still looked bleak to the AFA. The AFA's statement of policy began: "In this, our 15th anniversary year, with the nation in grave peril, we respectfully acknowledge the heavy responsibility that weighs upon our new Commander-in-Chief. . . . And we are well aware that it is far easier to advise than to decide." Having made this disclaimer, AFA then proceeded to advise President Kennedy that he should "declare a National Alert" to provide for a number of Air Force needs, many of them the same as AFA had listed a year earlier. Interestingly, in view of events of the last two years, the President sent a warm message to the AFA convention, assuring the delegates of his "deep interest in the proceeding."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was during the next 15 months that friendship faded – not because Defense Secretary McNamara ignored the AFA's advice, but because he followed it too closely. The advice was contained in AFA's policy statement released in the fall of 1959, calling for a "sweeping reorganization of the national defense establishment." "The Reorganization Acts of 1947 and 1958 have proved conclusively that a piecemeal approach to unification, based on compromise, evades the basic problems rather than solving them," AFA had said. "Any unification act worthy of the name must provide a framework for *ruthless elimination of marginal systems regardless of how service traditions and rivalries might be affected.*" (Italics added.)

Air Force Magazine of January, 1961, had repeated the same recommendations for the benefit of the new Administration. Under AFA's proposed reorganization, "the predominance of service influence in the formulation of defense planning and performance of military missions must be corrected. At present, defense planning represents at best a series of compromised positions among the military services. . . . There is a clear need for defense interest rather than particular service interest," the magazine said. "No longer can this nation afford the luxury of letting each service strive to develop in itself the capability of fighting any future war by itself. . . . We cannot afford such waste. . . ."

In 1962, Defense Secretary McNamara did precisely what the AFA had recommended in 1959 and in 1961. The trouble, insofar as the Air Force was concerned, was that some of its own "sacred bulls" were being gored. For example, McNamara cancelled Air Force plans to install several hundred Minuteman ICBMs, armed with thermonuclear warheads, on railroad cars which were to be kept in almost continuous motion along the nation's rail system. This would have subjected the missiles to so much vibration that it is doubtful if they could have hit their targets when the buttons were pushed. Additionally, there were questions of whether the Air Force officers manning the trains would join the Railway Unions or vice versa. After studying the supersonic B-70, McNamara reached the same conclusion as his predecessors, that it should remain a development program until the weapon and the need was demonstrated.

Mac the Knife

But what finally brought down the wrath of Air Force bomber generals on McNamara was last year's cancellation of the highly-touted Skybolt air-launched ballistic missile. The cost of developing the missile not only had exceeded original Air Force estimates by several hundred percent, but developmental work was so far behind schedule that by the time the Skybolt might be available, the B-52's destined to launch the missile would be on their last legs.

This was not the kind of "ruthless elimination of marginal weapon systems" which *Air Force Magazine* had in mind.

To make matters worse, the Air Force was disturbed because the Administration decided to increase the number of nuclear-powered Polaris submarines and step up their production rate. Only a year or two earlier top Air Force officers were privately saying that, "If the Navy ever gets approval for more than a dozen Polaris submarines, the Air Force is finished." The Kennedy Administration upped the number of Polaris submarines on order to 41.

After studying the status of the Army's ability to handle a small limited war situation, and finding that many of its arms were of World War II vintage, the Administration also had decided that funds were needed to modernize this branch of the service. The Army had received less funds for new equipment than the Air Force or Navy during the previous decade, but it had squandered much of what it had received to develop long-range guided missiles in an effort to usurp the USAF's strategic role.

While the Air Force continued to claim that the threat of thermonuclear retaliation will be as effective in deterring even minor Communist incursions as it was 10-15 years ago when the US had practically a monopoly on both nuclear weapons and long-range delivery systems, the Administration had the temerity to suggest that changing circumstances made such threats less credible and that we therefore had to strengthen our conventional (non-nuclear) forces. This challenged the very basis of the Air Force's strategic doctrine under which the junior service (in terms of age) had been the senior service in terms of its share of the defense budget almost since its creation.

While top Air Force officers may tolerate or even encourage debate of its plans by junior officers, once a decision has been reached, it is doubtful if Chief of Staff Gen. Curtis LeMay or SAC chief Gen. Thomas S. Power would brook opposition, particularly if carried on outside channels in the public press.

Yet this is precisely what top officers in the Air Force now are doing in defiance of their Commander-in-Chief, the President. This might be dismissed as being of no serious import were it not that these same officers are the custodians of 90 percent of the nation's thermonuclear power and long-range delivery systems. In these hands rests the life-or-death of the Soviet Union, and in retaliation, the life-or-death of the US.

In recent testimony before the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommtttee, SAC's boss, General Power, said our thermonuclear power is "in mature moral hands." Is it?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conserving the Old

by Wolf Von Eckardt

Federal assistance for conservation (which means preserving and sprucing up a neighborhood) and rehabilitation (which also includes selective weeding out of hopeless buildings and replacing them with new ones or small parks) has been available since the Housing Act of 1954. Our cities, in which three-quarters or more of our population live, have been slow in taking advantage of it, though now at last there are approximately 300 urban renewal projects involving rehabilitation across the country. Though urban renewal funds cannot restore buildings, they have been used to enhance them. A notable example is the old Customs House in Monterey, California, a beautiful remnant of the Spanish past, which has been returned to the enjoyment of pedestrians.

The cosmopolitan elite of Washington, D. C., was probably the first to discover that obsolete city houses and streets could be more lovable than new ones. The spontaneous and private rehabilitation of Georgetown, begun at the end of World War II, seemed at first little more than fashionable snobbery. Yes, it may well mark the beginning of a more sophisticated urban culture in America. Historic Georgetown's rebirth, with its charm and amenities, has deeply influenced the city planners. It has helped make preservation of historic and architecturally worthy old buildings a little more popular.

There remain, of course, far too many historic cities and city districts, architecturally as worthy, or more so, than Georgetown, whose bosses fail to see that preserving aesthetic values also has enormous potentials for taxable values. Alexandria, Virginia, or Annapolis, Maryland, for instance, patriotically preserve a few buildings wherein some dead hero may have slept. But they destroy irreplaceable old buildings, vistas and waterfronts which give repose to the living.

Sophisticated historic Philadelphia, however, has most intelligently employed the tools of urban renewal to redeem a century of vandalism and vandalistic neglect. Independence Hall is being enhanced with a splendor it has never known by a grand, tree-shaded mall. It is an inspired work of urban design which will attain its full glory when urban renewal has replaced the dingy surrounding structure with carefully-designed corporation palaces.

Several blocks east of Independence Hall is now a unique Historical Park. Recent, worthless and dilapidated buildings were weeded out between a dozen or so now restored historic buildings. These stand, a bit lonely and a little like rare snails preserved in alcohol, on a well-groomed green-swath. The Park Service might put some dignified refreshment kiosks and some benches there to animate the visitors and the area.

South of Independence National Park and east of a wonderful small park called Washington Square, urban renewal's first, most carefully-planned and most noteworthy residential rehabilitation project is rising. A careful blending of restored old and frankly modern townhouses with a sprinkling of luxury apartment towers, Society Hill, as the area is called, promises to be worthy of William Penn's dream of a "greene countrie towne." Greenways, winding through the entire area, will give it cohesion and will make it possible – I believe for the first time in modern America – to really experience the drama of a townscape in the only way one can really experience it – on foot. As elsewhere there is, of course, the inevitable, elevated automobile expressway wedged between people and their river to disrupt the experience. But here, at least, underpasses will lead to a waterfront park and marina.

The new Society Hill townhouses on Dock Street, designed by I. M. Pei for Alcoa and Zeckendorf, struck me as more exciting on the renderings and models than in their now nearly-completed reality. They still harmonize well, the mid-20th Century skyscraper apartments to one side and the 19th Century houses to the other, which is quite a feat. But they are painfully monolithic. Despite the dainty iron fence, or perhaps

This is the third of six articles on urban renewal; others will deal with the racial aspect of renewal in slums, the failure of urban planning, and possible ways to improve urban renewal programs. During the three months he was preparing these reports, WOLF VON ECKARDT *visited Boston, Providence, New Haven, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and Los Angeles.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because of it, the unrelieved, block-long row of dark brick reminded me of a French caserne.

The first completed highrise apartment in the area, a lush affair called Hopkinson House, in contrast, seems a bit too *nouveau riche* for the refinement the area obviously hopes to attain. Architects Stonorov and Haws endowed it with many handsome architectural details, but somehow there are too many of them.

Many prospective buyers, I was told, inspect Society Hill townhouses and apartments and then settle on one of the dilapidated old 19th Century houses which are sold on condition that they be restored within two years. Renovation may, in the end, turn out to be more expensive than a new home in the area. But those who can afford it also find it more gracious and spacious. This tends to justify the faith of Philadelphia's planners and renewers who made restoration of the salvagable buildings on Society Hill their foremost objective. And it tends to refute the lack of faith of the investors who were fearful of the venture.

But the economic success of rehabilitating areas where houses then sell for between $30,000 and $100,000, obviously does not persuade mortgage bankers that rehabilitation of low-income neighborhoods will pay.

Tenements Are Good Business

Here is the test not of our cultural values but of our social conscience. The trouble has been all along that the banks refuse loans for repairs and improvements on buildings which are in parts of the city that seem to them deteriorated or deteriorating. Their secret maps charting their estimates of the ebb and flow of real estate values are far more decisive for the destiny of our cities than the published ones of the planners. And the Federal Housing Administration, which insures their loans, also supports their views.

Rehabilitation, even for the moderate income market, is seldom profitable. Philadelphia, for instance, wants to rehabilitate a row of 80 very attractive but run-down houses it bought up on 8th Street as part of the East Poplar renewal project. The land is inexpensive and so are the vacated houses. But Arthur Binns, an experienced builder, found that he would not recover his alteration expenses for the rents he could command in this area. "Who'll pay $100 for an apartment if he can buy a house for $12,000?" he asks. The trouble is the high labor cost for remodeling which demands special fitting and handwork. Sixty percent of the cost of a new house goes into materials and 30 percent for labor. On a remodeling job the reverse is true. Binns threw in his trowel on that one, and, as of a few weeks ago, the empty houses were just standing there.

Slums, on the other hand, are a very profitable business. "Assume you've 12 tenants," the *Wall Street Journal* recently quoted a perfectly respectable banker, "and each pays $80 a month for a single room. That's $960 a month. Now assume you rehabilitate into one duplex apartment at $350 a month and two smaller apartments at $125 each. That gives you a total of $600 a month. The effect is that the owner is getting less in rental for a substantial alteration deal."

The only weapon against this kind of economic logic is city building code enforcements. It is not a very accurate weapon. Building code enforcement, after a century of neglect, is a tragic instance of too little and too late. The fine for a violation – a broken sewer-pipe, say, or a rotten staircase – is far less expensive than the repair. There is a good deal more rent to be squeezed out of the unrepaired building before the courts and the building inspectors get around to it again. When they do, there is only another inexpensive fee. In the end, the building is condemned. The slumlord then merrily evicts the tenants, boards up the place and waits until redevelopment comes along and pays him his investment in the house and the violation penalties twice or three times over.

Vigorous code enforcement thus, ironically, often aggravates the slums and the plight of its people. In Philadelphia the building inspectors are really busy now. As a result evictions abound. In a particularly grim Negro slum not far from City Hall, called Hawthorne Village, Mrs. Alice Lipscomb, a resident who has earned citywide recognition for her angelic, voluntary community work, showed me identical letters to about 100 different people. They were typed on the stationery of J. Gross & Brothers and all dated May 31, 1963, a few days before my visit. The one I copied read:

> Dear Mr. Ducket:
> As we are the new agent of the property you now occupy we hereby give you notice to vacate the property. No more rent will be accepted.
> Since this property is in non-conformity with the housing authorities of Philadelphia, it is necessary that you vacate this property immediately.
> Very truly yours,
> Jay M. Gross

William Ducket, I was told, is 72 years old and single. The day he received this letter his light and water were turned off. Neither he nor any of the other recipients of the letter are eligible for urban renewal relocation assistance. Nor can they hope to find room in public housing, at least not for some time. Somehow they all found shelter, of course, somewhere in the spreading slum, awaiting the next eviction. The boarded up houses, meanwhile, can be counted on to serve as hazardous playgrounds for children and abodes for drunks, derelicts and, as Mrs. Lipscomb so delicately

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put it, "girls who entertain company."

No FHA or Veteran's Administration loans, let alone private repair loans will ever be seen in Hawthorne Village. Nor can the government simply move in directly and undertake deslumming itself, building by building. Short of tearing the whole place down, the only hope of obtaining financing for such low-income areas is urban renewal's tedious rehabilitation process.

This means the local renewal agency must, first of all, make a detailed study of the neighborhood, its physical conditions, its facilities and the nature and mood of its inhabitants to diagnose properly the chances of its recuperation. It furthermore means that the agency must persuade all the residents and building owners to go along. For the owners themselves must fix up their properties. They must have the faith that everyone else's effort and the city's plans for new schools, playgrounds, community centers, improved and planted streets, off-street parking and whatever, justify their sacrifice, which is often considerable. Resident owners usually respond well once the neighborhood gets into the spirit. Absentee owners are often difficult. The renewers speak softly at first, but they carry the big stick of eminent domain. If an owner refuses to bring his building up to standard, the renewers can acquire it and sell it to someone who will.

But even with their most comprehensive improvement plans, such as Ed Logue's for Washington Park in Boston, the government urban renewal people had a hard time with the government mortgage people. FHA has tended to apply suburban middle-class standards to such things as heating, hot water, lot coverage, lighting, ventilation and privacy. Housing Administrator Weaver and Renewal Commissioner Slayton finally managed this June to persuade FHA to take it a little easy with poor people who own old houses.

The Harlem Park Project

"Financing and bricks and mortar are not the toughest problem, though," Edward Ewing, community organization director for the Baltimore renewal agency told me. "The trick is winning and involving the people in a rehabilitation area. Where do you start?"

Ewing talked about Harlem Park, a 30-block area of row-houses with several churches and two small parks in the northwest section of Baltimore where 15,000 Negroes live, some of them quite poor. The area's rehabilitation was first planned in 1955. A project office in the area was opened, which anyone can visit at any time for advice and help. It is staffed with a sizable platoon of social workers, planners, construction and remodeling experts, financing people especially trained by FHA to prepare loan applications, and relocation workers. The platoon scouted for the local leadership, which is often a chancy business, since some leaders are suddenly without followers when it comes to people's homes and life-time investments. Here as elsewhere the renewers had to organize the community. They did so by setting up block committees from which, in time, a neighborhood council emerged. Ewing also worked with the ministers, and the Grocers and Meat Dealers Union which has many members in Harlem Park.

In meeting after meeting fears were allayed and plans hammered out. Group discussions were followed up with thousands of personal calls. The damndest problems came up. There were three elderly people who didn't want or need extra electrical outlets which would ruin the nice wallpaper. (The rehabilitators got an FHA requirement waived.) A young couple would not risk the money for new window frames until the renewers talked to parents. (The renewers made several trips to the other end of town to persuade the parents.) The problems were myriad, what with relocation and loan requirements and a number of tough hardship cases. The job is only half complete. But the new Harlem Park, on which the rehabilitators and rehabilitated eventually agreed, is emerging.

The crowded and dilapidated old stables and servant quarters in the center of the blocks have been removed. The people in them have been relocated. The new open spaces in the courts are being turned into parks and playgrounds which the residents promise to maintain. Nine hundred new trees have been planted. Everybody was told, both in meetings and by leaflet, to help the trees to grow and to pull up the weeds at the base. When they arrived the small children all painted trees in school and learned about them. A new elementary and a new high school will open this fall and also serve as a community center. The principal, Mrs. Mary Brooks, lives in the area and was appointed to the new school over a year ago to help plan its program with the community. All but a few houses are spic and span and up to standard. A few people can't afford the renovation. Ewing believes his agency has now found some complex legal way to buy the houses, fix them up and then give their present occupants life tenancy.

Harlem Park is no Society Hill, aesthetically speaking. The school, unfortunately, is one of architecture's many missed opportunities. A little pagoda in one of the new court parks is just plain silly. "But that is just what the people in the block insisted on. They are very happy with it," explained James Gilliam, the project manager, who showed me around. A woman who had come to greet Gilliam and who overhead our conversation, broke into a gale of laughter. It infected the kids of the block broom-squad who were sweeping their playground. They flocked around to join in our hilarity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Soviet Political Satire

by Gleb Struve

The Tale (or *The Legend*) *of the Bluebottle* by Valeriy Tarsis was first published in English (in London), together with another short novel by the same author (*The Red and the Black*), under a pseudonym – Ivan Valeriy. A couple of months later, the Russian original of *The Tale of the Bluebottle* was published anonymously in the Russian émigré magazine *Grani* in Frankfurt. Before long, however, the British publisher and the editors of *Grani* revealed the name of the author (who, in the first place, did not want it to be a secret) and made known the fact that in August, 1962, he had been taken from his apartment in Moscow and placed in a mental hospital. His name was given as Valeriy Yakovlevich Tarsis. The name said nothing, except to close students of Soviet literature. To the latter, Tarsis was known as the author of a valuable bio-bibliographical aid entitled *Contemporary Russian Writers*, published in 1930. He is not known to have done any fictional work previously, and nothing seems to be known about his literary activity in the past 20 years. He may have been engaged in translations and in inconspicuous literary research. A man of the older generation (he was born in 1903), Tarsis is well versed in Western European literature. His *Red and Black* is built around a Soviet Stendhalian scholar and is a fictionalized biography of Anatoly Vinogradov (1888-1946) who wrote a novel about Stendhal as well as several historical novels, and studied Franco-Russian literary relations.

The Bluebottle
by Valeriy Tarsis
translated by Thomas Jones
and David Alger
(Knopf; $4.50)

The latest reports from Moscow indicate that Tarsis has been recently released and is back with his family, and in some circles in Moscow this is attributed to the volume of publicity given to his case abroad.

There can be no doubt that, of all the works of clandestine Soviet literature known to us, *The Tale of the Bluebottle* is the sharpest, the most thoroughgoing and the most consistent indictment we have had of Soviet Communism, its theory and its practice.

It is a sort of philosophical satire. Its protagonist, a Soviet philosopher, steeped in Marxism, member of an unnamed Institute, bears the name of Ivan Ivanovich Sinebriukhov ("Bluebelly"), which he later changes to Ioann Sinemukhov ("Bluebottle"). He is engaged in writing a book on "rational discipline." As a result of killing a bluebottle which keeps pestering him, and of the train of thoughts which this action engenders, his eyes are opened to the flaws of the system under which he lives and which he is supposed to serve. He abandons his treatise and begins to write another book – on true and false Communism. He regards now as his life task the exposure (in the name of ideal Communism) of the whole Soviet system as a humbug and a cruel parody.

The story, told for the most part in the third person, is concerned with the ideas expressed by Sinemukhov and a few people around him. There are, for instance, his fellow members of the Institute: Dubov (Mr. Oak), Akatsiev (Mr. Acacia) and Osinovaty (Mr. Aspen). Like Sinemukhov himself, they are all called Ivan Ivanovich, are all of the same age, all look more or less alike ("rather stocky, with moderate bellies, with a largish bald patch discreetly covered by a lock of thin hair"). All have identical views, draw the same salaries, and enjoy the same status in society. Their characters are, however, different, "so that by the way their speech sounded one could guess which of them was speaking." Dubov, the Director of the Institute, is solid and positive, "like the yardstick kept in the Bureau of Standards." Akatsiev, on the other hand, is impulsive and enthusiastic, but in a way which endangers no one because his enthusiasms find their outlet not in any independent creativeness but "through a spellbound and self-oblivious quoting of texts." Dubov quotes the same texts "in an optimistically edifying tone," while Osinovaty flutters and shakes "like the leaves of the tree which his last name evokes." Their scholarly research is said to consist wholly in "fishing out quotations, in pickling and preserving them, and in a few cases, in commenting upon them."

Throughout the work there are clear references to recent events in the Soviet Union. Thus, at one point the author brings in the following quotation from an article written by his hero after the Twentieth Congress of the CPSU (1956): "These philosophers who swore by Marx at every step, just like the true believers who swear by the Prophet's beard, who kept repeating like parrots that Marxism was not a dogma, but a guide to action, have in fact demonstrated that their Marxism was like unto stone tablets, a guide to inaction, if not to evil-doing." (This and all subsequent quotations are in my own translation. This article was prepared some months before *The Bluebottle* – which contains both of Tarsis' short novels – was available in English. Some other works by Tarsis, smuggled out of Russia at the same time, are also available in manuscript in the West and are to be published soon.)

Referring to the famous theory of the "withering away of the state," Sinemukhov maintains that, far from leading to it, the Soviet system resulted in creating "a bureaucratic Leviathan, the like of which the world had never seen before, not just a meat grinder in which the states of old ground their peoples, but a mind grinder (*dusherubka*) in which all the minds were ground into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a uniform hash from which no socialist society could possibly emerge, but only the same old meat loaf, with a pseudo-socialist stuffing." And he adds: "An impersonal, lecherous, cowardly crowd of busy idlers, of inveterate bureaucrats, of people who work for fear – such is the outcome. . . ."

Sinemukhov has a friend, another disillusioned Communist, but a more timid one, whose name is Ostankin. In one of their talks, Ostankin speaks of the inevitability of tyranny in a society in which one party rules and all the others are outlawed, and says: "If political struggle is not allowed, why on earth does one need political parties! . . . What they are advertising in our country now – an alliance between the Party and the non-Party elements – means in fact that there is no difference between them." He points out that while, according to the official definition, the Party is the vanguard of the people, in point of fact all the best scholars, engineers, writers, composers, and so on, are non-Party men. To which Sinemukhov remarks: ". . . In order to be a Communist – and I shall always be one – it isn't at all necessary to be a member of the Party. This is a pure habit. In our Party the Communists represent less than one-half percent. And there are going to be even fewer of them. . . ."

There is also a reference to the 1957 conflict within the Party – "when nearly all the old leaders were unsaddled." After that, says Sinemukhov, there was more and more talk about grandiose achievements:

> "The Sputniks which flew into cosmic space overshadowed all the everyday needs of the population. Most of the people continued to live in terrible housing conditions; just as before, it was difficult to buy sugar, butter, or white bread. Even in Moscow, the capital of the world, it was difficult to buy a pound of frankfurters. But why bother about frankfurters and sugar when there are Sputniks? The serfs (*kholopy*) came back to life. Literature was reduced to nought. People stopped asking for Soviet books both in bookstores and in libraries. The serfs felt an urge to set up a new idol for themselves. A serf cannot live unless close by there is a master whom he can kiss on the shoulder."

And here, for the first time in Soviet fiction, we see Khrushchev himself introduced as a character. He appears in a transparent disguise as Ilya Varsonofievich Apostolov, as a man who throws out "a salutary slogan," the slogan being: "Bridle the democracy! Even socialist democracy must have limits!" "But unfortunately the cult of personality was still taboo. They were ashamed of Europe. And no one knew how long that taboo would remain in force." The ideologists, however, "did not lose heart," and in Sinemukhov's Institute, thanks to Dubov, they began quoting Apostolov, while his portraits on the walls "reminded people that the sun was about to rise again."

Of Apostolov himself it is said that "he knew that his reputation was an inflated one, that his erudition was almost nil – some knowledge of how to grow potatoes could hardly count as erudition." Apostolov also knew that people were discontented, that life had not become easier, that prices were rising. "But was this worth worrying about? After all, Louis the . . . teenth (which of them exactly Apostolov did not know) also did not rely too much on his fame and on people's affection, yet he did utter the famous phrase: 'It'll do for our time, and after me, the flood!' He must also have known quite well that people were not all that enthusiastic about his speeches on the growth of potatoes."

"All this," we are told, "Apostolov knew. But he was sixty-four years old. [There are other things to suggest that the work was written about 1959.] And he thought to himself: 'Well, they may not speak too kindly of me, but they will not blame me particularly either. After all, by comparison with him, I am really a humanitarian, a kind

September: Last Day at the Beach

A high blow tousled all the yachts
In the basin; green, yellow, red shells
Bowled and whacked sides. The buoy bells
Scattered their moist petals into the air
And all up the beach the summer's gates
Were swinging shut. The wind smacked your hair

Onto your mouth, and all I can see
Of your face is that you did not smile
At me. Even before the pale
Salt-wash flecked whitely at your sneaker-less ankles
Your name before my eyes ran grey.
I would not follow where the waves remold wrinkles

Of sand and drag the stem-eyed crabs
To oblivion. I sat on a dune
Watching you hike up your skirts and frown
At the spray, thinking how after the dancing
And wine and kissing in taxicabs
You had come to me in the black of morning

Your damp hair braided like a child's,
Petal-sweet, and held with a rubber-band.
At rolls and coffee, when daybreak unwound
Us, we had talked awhile of staying over:
A walk on the beach would stay the pulls
Of plan, the drag of destination –
When we were two east-west trains in the station
Pulling apart, forever, forever.

Richard Tillinghast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old crony. Someone must, after all, keep the state in check."

The most devastating indictment of the whole system is put by Tarsis into the mouth of a French Socialist who has a conversation with Apostolov. This is what the Frenchman says to him in reply to Apostolov's boastful remark about the faster rate at which the Soviet Union progresses by comparison with the United States:

> "I had a classmate in college. When we began our own lives, he, a rich man, had an income of about a million francs a year, while mine was only ten thousand. Since then forty years have passed. Of course, we don't have the same currency now. My income also has increased thirty times, while his, too, has only trebled. . . . That's what statistics amount to, Monsieur Apostolov. About statistics I can tell you in the words of a Russian proverb, that it is like the shaft of a cart – whichever way you turn it, there it goes. They are quite remarkable, those Russian proverbs. But then, Monsieur Apostolov, it is not clear to me – and perhaps you will explain it to me – what have the achievements in rocket technique, of which you are so proud, to do with Communism and peace policies? Finally, I should like to know why your modest achievements – for even today your productivity of labor is three times inferior to that of the United States – why do you ascribe them to the Soviet regime? Many people say that had there been no Soviet regime the achievements of the Russians would have been even greater, for your bureaucratism acts like a heavy brake on the growth of your economy, and of this your leaders have spoken more than once. And the standard of living of your people is incomparably below that of the United States, although you seem to have no exploitation. We, the Socialists, we consider, for example, that the exploitation of man by the state is much greater than by an individual, and with that more inhuman – it is not an accident that in your country millions of people worked like convicts in prison camps. . . . You don't even have the shadow of bourgeois freedom or democracy. Your parliament is but a pageant held two or three days a year. Nor is it an accident that in your country millions of people have perished in torture chambers, something that has no precedent in the world. Hitler was only a poor pupil of yours. . . . You have a whole class of new capitalists who are much better off than those of the West. They receive huge annual incomes without taking any risks, without investing any capital. Your ministers are paid more than the United States President, reckoning the dollar at the rate of your stock exchange. . . . You have so discredited the very idea of Socialism that even we, the Socialists, are now losing our power over the masses; [they] trust the conservatives more, and for this you are to blame, too."

The Frenchman asks Apostolov to explain "all these contradictions and puzzles." When Ilya Varsonofievich replies heatedly, "What sort of capitalism can we have if we have no capitalists?" the Frenchman interrupts him "not too politely" and says:

> "You know, Monsieur Apostolov, I don't like listening to a record player, and apparently you don't know how to play any other instrument. . . . I'd rather go and see your marvelous ballet, your Galina Ulanova. This achievement of yours is immortal, though for the life of me I can't see what Odette as played by Ulanova or Tchaikovsky's music have to do with the Soviet regime."

This is a sort of thing which many Soviet people must have often thought to themselves, but it is the first time that they can be read in a literary work by a Soviet writer.

The topical character of Tarsis' sharp and witty satire is further illustrated by the following passage from Sinemukhov's diary, with its reference to a well-known representative of the "Stalinist" faction among Soviet writers, the poet and journalist Nikolay Gribachev,

Coming
The Novels of Italo Svevo
by Richard Gilman

"A powerful arsenal of the libertarian cause"
—Eugene V. Rostow

THE GREAT RIGHTS

Edited by **EDMOND CAHN,**
New York University School of Law

Four libertarian Justices, guardians of our freedom, speak out on the meaning of civil liberty today:

JUSTICE HUGO L. BLACK —
"The Bill of Rights and the Federal Government"

JUSTICE WILLIAM J. BRENNAN, JR. —
"The Bill of Rights and the States"

CHIEF JUSTICE EARL WARREN —
"The Bill of Rights and the Military"

JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS —
"The Bill of Rights Is Not Enough"

"Four important lectures, and two trenchant prefaces, make this book . . . an indispensable document in the modern debate about the Bill of Rights."
—EUGENE V. ROSTOW, *Dean of Yale Law School*

"*The Great Rights* is unique and of limitless importance."
—JOHN DEJ. PEMBERTON, JR., *Executive Director, American Civil Liberties Union*

$5.95

MACMILLAN
60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADICAL PACIFISM

A sampling of the literature of dissent available from the WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE

#15 Neither Victims Nor Executioners: Albert Camus. *A significant manifesto not included in the published collection of Camus' essays.* 25¢

#23 Tyranny Could Not Quell Them: Gene Sharp. *The dramatic story of the successful nonviolent resistance campaign by Norwegian teachers against the Nazis.* 25¢

#25 The Quiet Battle: Mulford Q. Sibley, ed. *Brilliant, authoritative collection of writings on nonviolent resistance. Doubleday paperback.* 390 pp. $1.45

#106 Handbook for Conscientious Objectors. *Indispensable for men of draft age.* 50¢

#207 Disarm to Parley: A Case for Unilaterial Disarmament: W. H. Perry. 20¢

#214 The Morals of Extermination: Lewis Mumford. *Blunt, imperative.* 10¢

#406 Prison Etiquette: Holley Cantine and Dachine Rainer, eds., foreword by Christopher Isherwood. *Anthology of prison writings by conscientious objectors.* 138 pp., $2.50

#508 Marx's Concept of Man: Erich Fromm. *Marx's philosophical manuscripts of 1844, with Fromm's comments.* 260 pp., $1.75

#511 Toward a Quaker View of Sex. *Controversial, thoughtful effort by a group of British Quakers to evaluate teen-age, extramarital, and homosexual behavior.* 60¢

#513 The Root Is Man: Dwight Macdonald. *Extremely important but not commercially available.* $2.

#602 Dissent / Revolution / Peace / Freedom. *A provocative reading list prepared by the War Resisters League in cooperation with outstanding contemporary "dissenting intellectuals."* 10¢

#607 Peace Button (the symbol at the top of this column). 10¢

For your convenience, clip this ad, circle items wanted, enclose check or cash, send to:

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE
5 Beekman Street
New York 38, N. Y.

write for copy of complete literature list

who at one time acted as the correspondent of *Literaturnaya Gazeta* in New York:

> "The other day I came upon an article by the journalist Gribachev. He says rightly that hypocrisy reached its well-known peak in classical Jesuitry, and exclaims: 'Does George Meany understand that thousands of his superficial speeches are not worth one human life?'
>
> "I feel like asking one question of Gribachev:
>
> "– Does *he* understand that thousands of his own far from superficial words are not worth one of those millions of lives of innocent people who were done to death at the hands of the criminals whom he is extolling, whose ideas he opposes to those of Meany and others? While complaining that in the States one Negro a year, just an average one, is lynched, has he given thought to the fact that in our country thousands of innocent Jews were tortured to death, and not just average ones, but prominent scholars and cultural workers – writers, actors, world-renowned professors? That entire peoples were almost annihilated – the Kalmucks, the Chechens, the Ingushis, the Balkars, the Karachays, the Crimean Tartars? That hundreds of writers from all of our republics have perished in labor camps? Did Gribachev recall, while shedding his crocodile tears about the American writers who live on a dole, the piece of information which he heard at the Party meeting of Moscow writers about 170 old and sick writers who live on starvation diets in Moscow alone?"

Sinemukhov also scorns the Soviet fashion for recantations, which he describes as a vulgar comedy. "But they pretend that they believe it. They have to do so. If but one piece of pretense is exposed, there will always be people who will enjoy exposing the rest. Then everything will go to blazes. . . ."

There are also chapters in the novel in which the realities of Soviet everyday life are laid bare: an example of it is a conversation which Sinemukhov has with his relatives who work on a collective farm. These passages – in which Tarsis shows himself quite a master of vivid dialogue – remind the reader of the recent stories by Solzhenitsyn and Fyodor Abramov. A glimpse into the lives of the ordinary citizen is also provided in the last part of the novel, when, relieved of his work in the Institute, Sinemukhov is assigned to a local housing department. This, says Sinemukhov himself, is something which all Soviet bureaucrats should do if they want to have their eyes opened.

At one point, Sinemukhov – this "inside émigré" – thinks of escaping, of actually emigrating, of following in the footsteps of Alexander Herzen and becoming a Swiss citizen (which did not prevent Herzen, he says, from remaining a Russian and a true revolutionary). Tarsis' comment on this may be revealing for the psychology of such inside émigrés: ". . . At once he feels that he will lack the courage to do so. What a terrible thing it is, this love of one's country. Just like love for a woman – every day she chases you out, she mocks at you, and still you have no strength to leave her." Sinemukhov tries to persuade himself that his country is no longer a mother to him, but a wicked stepmother, yet he can't.

There are a number of other interesting things in this short novel, some sections of which are introduced by epigraphs from Heine, Goethe, Laurence Sterne, Nietzsche, the Bible, and Graham Greene, and over which there hovers also the shadow of Dostoevsky: Ostankin tells Sinemukhov that his diary "smacks of Fyodor Mikhailovich's Underground," while Sinemukhov himself describes Dostoevsky as the most daring, the most audacious of all the explorers of the human mind, "the Columbus of the psyche."

In conclusion, it should be mentioned that Tarsis foresaw what was going to happen to him. In the last section of the novel Sinemukhov's mistress tells him that in all likelihood they will proclaim him insane. His comment on this is: "We in Russia have a solid tradition in this respect." This is an allusion to the famous case of Peter Chaadaev whom the government of Nicholas I proclaimed insane after the publication of his Philosophical Letter in 1836. But Tarsis must also have known of what happened to Esenin-Volpin, Narymov-Naritsa, and Valentin Ovechkin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gentlemen Don't

by Honor Tracy

The theme of Mr. Griffin's novel is man's inhumanity to man, the horror of cruelty in general, and of sadistic flogging in particular. He describes with great brilliance and a tension marvellously sustained an act of sickening brutality against a cadet in a British officers' training camp, run by officers of the old school.

A Significant Experience
by Gwyn Griffin
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $3)

The camp is in Egypt, the Second World War is on, and Cadet van der Haar is a round peg in a square hole. He is of Dutch-English descent, educated in a French school in Syria and, because he knows French and Arabic, is to serve in Intelligence. He has no interest in England, the Army or the war, but his family is poor and he needs the job. Because the work carries commissioned rank he is obliged to go through the course like any other cadet. All sorts of things that an English boy would feel in his bones to him are completely mysterious: he blunders through the world of assault-training and classroom warfare, not to speak of Army attitudes and English concepts, a bewildered, exotic little Candide whose artless questions make the cadets laugh and infuriate the officers.

Steadily their feeling against him grows and at last, one of them finds out that, on the technical point of his being under eighteen, he can be caned. This punishment was used as a last resort in the old days on unruly drummer boys and the like, and has now fallen into desuetude, though remaining on the books. The Commandant agrees and the sentence of twelve ferocious cuts with a heavy cane on the bare skin is carried out under the supervision of a revolted Battalion Sergeant Major by an equally revolted Company Sergeant Major, aided by two well-nigh mutinous Company NCO's, in the gym across a vaulting-horse opposite which "George VI simpered in gold and scarlet," in front of four officers, three of whom are enjoying it, one in a sexual way. It is a fact that people exist who find a sensual pleasure in the infliction of pain or the sight of it, a thing so repulsive that we too easily forget that they are just as sick and miserable as other perverts. If Mr. Griffin chooses to denounce rather than to pity, we shall find it very hard not to sympathize. But when it comes to the choice of a setting we are entitled, in a novel of indignation, to look for a certain amount of probability: otherwise it becomes merely foolish, like Dickens fearlessly denouncing wrongs that had been righted years before.

I will not weary the reader with the objections that spring to the mind of anyone familiar with the British Army, or the safeguards it has set up for the protection of the individual. Mr. Griffin, a war-time officer, shows himself well aware of them and skips around the subject with remarkable dexterity. But he has perhaps lived out of England too long to remember the "feel" of things: his Guards officers never were on land or sea, and he has described something that technically could and actually would not take place. There is, incidentally, an old law still on the statute book of Ireland authorizing anyone to kill on sight a monk, nun, friar wearing the religious habit on the highway, and I offer the theme to Mr. Griffin as well suited to his capacity for intense emotion.

His hostility to the Army itself is something that most writers would share. It is difficult for such as we, by temperament individualist and anarchical, to understand the dedication to Army ideals and regimental traditions of a man like the Commandant. But to say, as Mr. Griffin does, that the ideals by which the Colonel lives are outmoded, to see nothing in a regimental badge but "a few centimeters of embossed metal," is to display the same insensitivity and want of imagination that he imputes to English gentlemen after "organized upper-class brutality" has knocked out "all those feelings and emotions which make the whole difference between men and beasts."

The book fairly crackles with hatred

NO ONE EVER WRITES TO SONG NYU

Life for Song Nyu has been a bewildering succession of new places, strange voices and unfamiliar faces. Her family are refugees from the north. When Song Nyu's father was killed in an accident last year, her mother moved to a neighboring village to seek work. She now ekes out a precarious living as a farm worker. The harsh demands of the soil leave her little time—or strength—to care for Song Nyu.

Constant poverty and rootlessness have wounded Song Nyu in ways deeper than the physical pangs of hunger and cold. She is a very frightened, lonely little girl who desperately needs a sense of being wanted and loved. Your personal interest can help give her this feeling.

Through Save the Children Federation, you can bring love, friendship and funds to provide school fees, books, school supplies and clothing to a child like Song Nyu. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and immediately begin a warm person-to-person correspondence. Please fill in the coupon below so that a needy child in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, France or Italy will know that you care very much.

OUR ANNUAL REPORT IS AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST.

SCF
Serving Children for 30 Years

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION, NORWALK, CONN.

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help ☐ a girl ☐ boy in _____ or where the need is greatest ☐ (countries listed above).

Enclosed is my first payment: ☐ $12.50 a month ☐ $37.50 a quarter ☐ $75 semi-annually ☐ $150 annually. I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is contribution of $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Contributions are income tax deductible. NR 9-28-3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

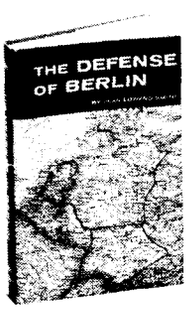
of the "upper-classes," those bogeymen of so many post-war writers. The "organized upper-class brutality" Mr. Griffin refers to is the system of punishment, fagging and so on in public schools, aimed, he thinks, at producing an upper caste devoted to "Crown, Empire, aristocratical-hierarchical rule, the Englishman's God-given right to trample on all foreigners or persons weaker or poorer than himself." I am every bit as opposed to beating as Mr. Griffin, but we must speak the truth. Rightly or wrongly, the schools believe that learning to bear pain bravely and unresentfully is important to the forming of a boy's character. They also know that most of their boys, even in these days, will go on to positions not only of leadership but also of privilege, and that the few school years may be the only time in their lives when they feel what it is like to be an under-dog. And surely, in his remarks about the Empire and so on, Mr. Griffin himself is a little out of date? There is no longer any Empire to speak of: and, in fairness again, against Mr. Griffin's bitter words, we may perhaps set the generous ones of the Nigerian Prime Minister when his country took her independence: "You came to us first as masters, then as leaders and finally as partners; but always as friends."

Plainly, however, he does not want to be fair. Even poor King George VI has to be dragged in, his photograph being introduced several times to associate him, subtly and cunningly, with all the savage beastliness: whereas the youth of the nation was one of the kindly monarch's chief concerns and the holiday camps where boys of every class could meet were his own idea.

I suspect that D. H. Lawrence's Prussian Officer is knocking about somewhere in Mr. Griffin's subconscious. He has given his officers strangely Germanic names – Seligman, Lutwyche, Exelfield. He is at pains to stress trivial similarities such as the use of the Death's Head badge by a crack regiment on both sides, he specifically denies any difference between the two mentalities, and even describes the flogging scene as "pure Dachau." But he would have looked in vain for the arrogant upper-class Prussian officers of his fantasy in Dachau: he would have found only the predominantly lower-middle-class SS.

A tale told as brilliantly as this will hardly fail of its effect, particularly where it falls on willing ears. The novel will receive all the superlatives from reviewers and, for its accomplishment, will deserve them. Endorsing the praises for Mr. Griffin's talent, I will yet say that *A Significant Experience* is a grievous libel, and one on a body of men traditionally debarred from making a reply.

• The tense, dramatic history of modern Berlin — "the great testing place of Western courage" — from World War II to the present. The story of the Wall is based on exclusive interviews with Lord Mayor Brandt and General Lucius D. Clay.



BY JEAN EDWARD SMITH

THE DEFENSE OF BERLIN 432 pages $6.95

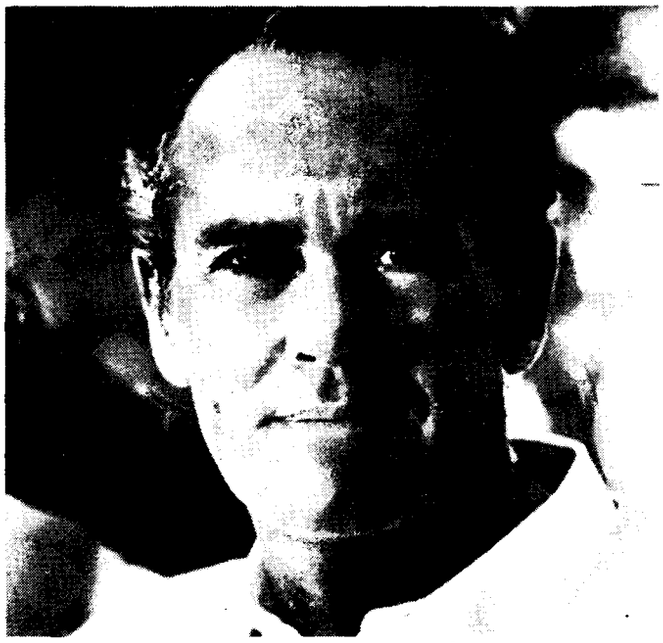
From bookstores, or from
THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

RECORDS

Protest to Victor

The performance of Schubert's Symphony No. 9 that Toscanini recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1941 has been issued at last on RCA Victor LD-2663 (mono). It is of interest as the first documentation on records of their operation together, but also as additional documentation of the changes in his great performance of this work. Perhaps the most outrageous of the silly inventions in the recent Marsh book about him was the statement that works he played many times "had all the life played out of them," so that the performances were mechanically perfect but without meaning. Those who speak out of knowledge – musicians of the New York Philharmonic and NBC Symphony – invariably recall how moving and inspiring it was that to the very end Toscanini's return to a work he had played innumerable times was never a mere repetition of the performance the year or years before, as it might have been, but always an occasion for new study of the score that brought him to the rehearsal with new insights and new details in place of what he now deplored as earlier mistakes. Confirmation of this can be heard in Victor recordings of works he recorded more than once: one would think that by the time he recorded Mozart's *Haffner* Symphony in 1929, Rossini's *Semiramide* Overture in 1936, Beethoven's *Eroica* in 1939, he would have attained final conceptions of them; but the 1946 *Haffner*, 1951 *Semiramide* and 1949 and 1953 *Eroicas* are remarkably changed in ways that illustrate the change in his performing style – from the earlier expansive style that articulated structure with much elasticity of tempo, and that inflected phrase with much sharply outlined detail, to the later simplified style that involved only slight modification of tempo and subtle inflection of phrase. And the 1941 recorded performance of Schubert's Ninth now provides another fascinating illustration of this. We have had in the 1953 first movement a superb example of Toscanini's later practice of setting a tempo which he can maintain with only slight modifications; now we have in the 1941 first movement one of the finest examples of his earlier practice of articulating and organizing a movement with changes of tempo, including an acceleration in the coda to a pace which binds the overlapping statements of winds, then violins, then low strings, into a single magnificent, large-spanned utterance. And the difference in style produces its most extraordinary result in the coda of the finale, which in 1941 accelerates in its exciting build-up to a high point where it suddenly slows down for a distention of the four unison C's that makes them tremendous, creating a ten-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mr. Henry Fonda,
distinguished American actor, is a member of the Hudson Book Club.

Discriminating readers find that membership in the HUDSON BOOK CLUB is a continuously satisfying experience. Economy is only one of the pleasures it affords. If you take your reading seriously — if books play too important a role in your life to be chosen solely by their position on the bestseller list—then you, too, will enjoy associating yourself with others who share your tastes. You will save an average of one-half on books you would ordinarily buy anyway—by means of low Members' Prices and free Bonus Books.

The current new membership offer (up to $35.00 worth of books for only $3.00) makes a cancellable trial membership especially inviting.

Why not join today without risk or obligation?

Any three for $1.00 each

with a trial membership.

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT NOW!

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N.Y.

You may enroll me as a trial member of the HUDSON BOOK CLUB and send me these THREE selections for only $1 each.

1 _____ 2 _____ 3 _____

☐ Please bill me $3.00 plus shipping charge.

☐ I enclose $3.00. Club will pay shipping.

Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional selections (or alternates) at the reduced Member's Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four I accept after this introductory offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this Special Offer, you may return the selections within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

NR-198

THE HERITAGE OF PERSIA. By Richard Frye. One of the world's great civilizations – from the Medes to Darius, Xerxes, Zoroaster, and the Islamic conquest. 64 pages of illustrations. **List Price $7.50**

JOU PU TUAN (PRAYER MAT OF FLESH). "... a strange book, brimming with Buddhism. We are in the copulatory place of the *Francion* or of Sade."—*Nouvelle Revue Francaise.* **List Price $6.50**

MARY McCARTHY'S THEATRE CHRONICLES 1937-1962. Uncompromising criticism, trenchant and original prose, and the ability to discuss theatre as a branch of intellectual and social history make all of McCarthy's controversial essays immediate, fresh and vital. **List Price $4.50**

THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A history of Greece that is also a consummate literary achievement. Written with power, grandeur and beauty. Illus. **List Price $10**

Gibbon's **DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.** A Modern Abridgement by Moses Hadas. The essence of this monumental work, brilliantly edited for the modern reader. **List Price $4.95**

THE ROTHSCHILDS. By Frederic Morton. A brilliant study of the almost legendary banking dynasty whose family history is part of the *secret* history of the past 150 years. Illus. with family portraits and photos. **List Price $5.95**

THE SILENT PAST. By Ivar Lissner, author of *The Living Past.* The archaeology of the "lost worlds" that have haunted human history –from Atlantis to Jericho, Carthage, Yucatan. 115 illus. **List Price $6.95**

SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB. By Uwe Johnson. The astounding work of fiction that signals the return of Germany to the arena of world literature. "A new creative voice...a name to conjure with...a fascinating novel." – *N.Y. Times Book Review.* "Magnificent unique prose. A great new talent."—*Kay Boyle.* **List Price $4.50**

CITY OF NIGHT. By John Rechy. This novel about a male prostitute is electrifying the literary world. "A wild descent into hell. Unforgettable." —*Herbert Gold.* "A humbling and liberating achievement." – *James Baldwin.* **List Price $5.95**

ANTI - INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Is America's notorious philistinism rooted in our deepest democratic beliefs? A revealing study by the Pulitzer-Prizewinning author of *The Age of Reform.* **List Price $6.95**

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN: By Henry Miller. "A *moral* work of great perception and feeling. The forces of censorship haven't a prayer against Miller's strength, conviction, and vitality."– *Richard Seaver.* **List Price $7.50**

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. First American publication of the third volume in his world-famous forbidden trilogy. "A remarkable work of art. How could this ever be called pornographic?" – *Maxwell Geismar.* **List Price $5.00**

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition of "one of the great biographies of our time." –*The Atlantic.* Ed. and abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. **List Price $7.50**

THEATRE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. From Sartre (on Brecht) to Ionesco (on Pirandello), the major figures of the theatre in our time examine its techniques, its purposes, its absurdities (intentional and otherwise)...and dissect each other with no holds barred. Ed. by Robert W. Corrigan. **List Price $7.50**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. Life in the millennium which saw the birth of Abraham, the building of Stonehenge, the glory of Egypt, sack of Troy, and fall of Knossos. Illus. **List Price $6.95**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A lively, warm and caustic memoir by a man who devoted his life to caricaturing the famous and infamous statesmen who shaped the events leading from one world war to another.

PEACE IN THEIR TIME

MEN WHO LED US IN AND OUT OF WAR, 1914-1945

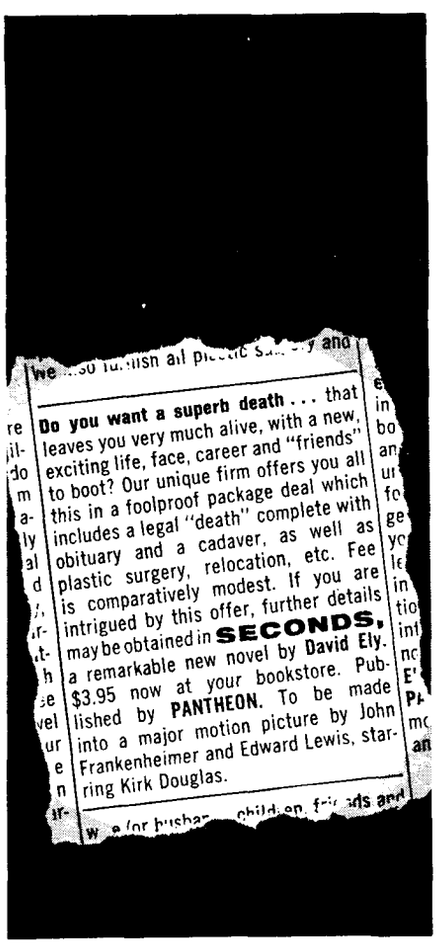
by EMERY KELEN

"A fascinating book full of wonderful stories . . . a joy to read. It lights up the strange world between the wars."
—WILLIAM L. SHIRER

"I haven't enjoyed any book as much in years."
—BARBARA W. TUCHMAN, author of *The Guns of August.*

With 91 illustrations
$5.95 at better bookstores

ALFRED·A·KNOPF
Publisher of Borzoi Books


Do you want a superb death . . . that leaves you very much alive, with a new, exciting life, face, career and "friends" to boot? Our unique firm offers you all this in a foolproof package deal which includes a legal "death" complete with obituary and a cadaver, as well as plastic surgery, relocation, etc. Fee is comparatively modest. If you are intrigued by this offer, further details may be obtained in SECONDS, a remarkable new novel by David Ely. $3.95 now at your bookstore. Published by PANTHEON. To be made into a major motion picture by John Frankenheimer and Edward Lewis, starring Kirk Douglas.

sion which is released each time in the faster answering tutti – whereas in 1953 it continues in the accelerated tempo, with no distentions of the four unison C's, and with no such power as is achieved in 1941.

I might add that the rebroadcasting of the entire series of NBC Symphony broadcasts by FM stations in New York, Washington and Boston in the past year has revealed other changes in Toscanini's performances and brought some surprises. Thus, listening to the rebroadcast of the January 1, 1938 NBC Symphony performance of Schubert's Ninth, and also to an air-check of Toscanini's last Philharmonic performance of the work on April 26, 1936, I was amazed to discover that there had been *no* distention of the four unison C's in the coda of the finale in 1936, and that he had introduced distention in 1938, had increased it in 1941, and had eliminated it in 1953.

The details I have mentioned are some of the things that make the 1941 performance, for me, the greatest of Toscanini's statements of the work; and another is the marvelous playing with which the Philadelphia Orchestra realizes his conception – though on LD-2663 this contribution is considerably less audible than it could be. In the accompanying brochure Victor says the recording was not issued in 1942 because wartime processing resulted in "mechanical imperfections [i.e. noises] which neither the Maestro nor the company could accept"; and that what made its release possible now was the engineer John Corbett's "[restoration of] the recording . . . to its original state" "through 750 hours of work and through the miracles of new electronic transfer techniques." The test pressings of the Philadelphia recordings of Debussy's *La Mer*, Berlioz's *Queen Mab* and Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration* that I heard in 1942 produced no unusual, obtrusive noise that disturbed Toscanini, who was listening; and the sides he rejected he rejected for musical reasons. At that time he expected to re-record the rejected sides with the Philadelphia Orchestra; and when, later, I heard of Victor rejecting sides because of noisy defects, the expectation was that these also would be re-recorded. What prevented this was the Petrillo ban on recording in the fall of 1942; and by the time recording was resumed two years later the Philadelphia Orchestra had transferred from Victor to Columbia. It was still available for the completion of its recordings with Toscanini; but Victor preferred to have him make new recordings with the NBC Symphony, a Victor orchestra, and persuaded him to do this. It was at this point that I first heard a test pressing of the Schubert Ninth; and I can state that although the surface noise from this and from a second one I heard later was stronger than usual, it was not excessive – which is to say that it didn't interfere with one's hearing and enjoyment of the beautiful sound and the great performance, and didn't justify Victor's withholding it from the music-lovers who wanted to hear it. What Corbett's patient and skillful work achieved, in the transfer from the original metal masters to his tape, was not to make audible a sound that had been obscured by noise, but to reduce the noise as much as it could be reduced *without* loss in the sound. And what Victor should have done is to transfer exactly to LD-2663 what Corbett had achieved on his tape.

But what Victor did instead was to reduce the noise further with a treble cut which dimmed the radiance of the Philadelphia violins, dulled the bright colors of the winds, robbed their sounds of presence and distinctness, and in this way destroyed much of what Corbett had so carefully preserved.

I think music-lovers should protest to Victor and demand that it withdraw the present version of the Schubert recording and replace it with an exact transfer of what is on Corbett's tape. And they should demand also that Victor issue without further delay similar transfers of the other Toscanini performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra – of Debussy's *La Mer* and *Ibéria*, Berlioz's *Queen Mab* and Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* – some of the most marvelous and beautiful-sounding he ever put on records.

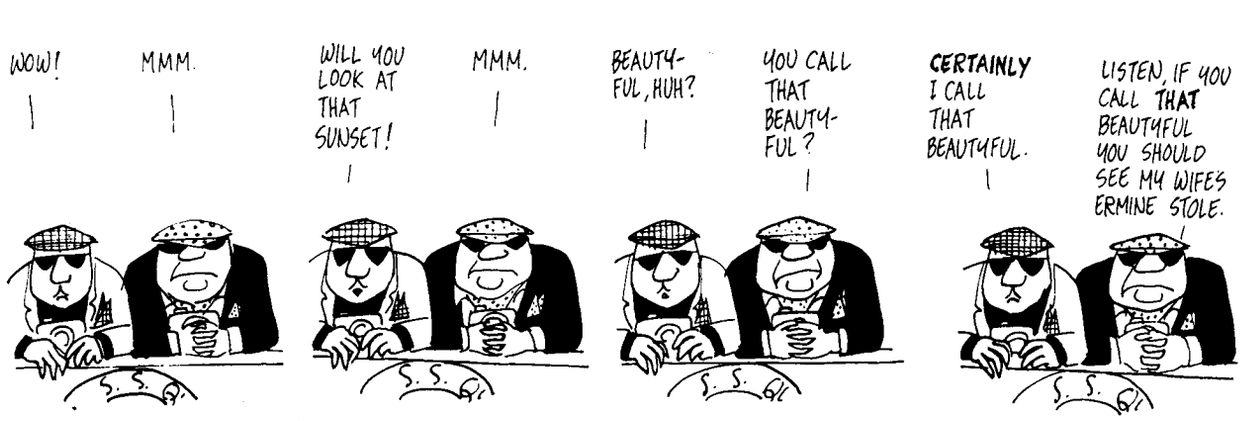
B. H. HAGGIN

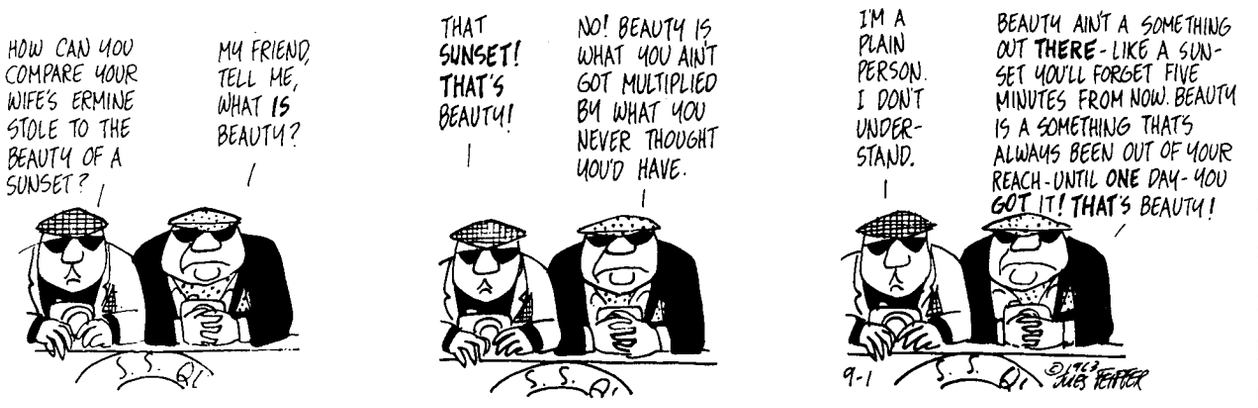
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Gleb Struve *is Professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at the University of California at Berkeley.* Honor Tracy's *new novel,* The First Day of Friday, *will be published this fall.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES FEIFFER


WOW!
MMM.
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT SUNSET!
MMM.
BEAUTY-FUL, HUH?
YOU CALL THAT BEAUTY-FUL?
CERTAINLY I CALL THAT BEAUTYFUL.
LISTEN, IF YOU CALL THAT BEAUTYFUL YOU SHOULD SEE MY WIFE'S ERMINE STOLE.


HOW CAN YOU COMPARE YOUR WIFE'S ERMINE STOLE TO THE BEAUTY OF A SUNSET?
MY FRIEND, TELL ME, WHAT IS BEAUTY?
THAT SUNSET! THAT'S BEAUTY!
NO! BEAUTY IS WHAT YOU AIN'T GOT MULTIPLIED BY WHAT YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE.
I'M A PLAIN PERSON. I DON'T UNDER-STAND.
BEAUTY AIN'T A SOMETHING OUT THERE - LIKE A SUN-SET YOU'LL FORGET FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW. BEAUTY IS A SOMETHING THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN OUT OF YOUR REACH - UNTIL ONE DAY - YOU GOT IT! THAT'S BEAUTY!
9-1
©1963 JULES FEIFFER

SO YOUR WIFE'S ERMINE STOLE IS MORE BEAUTYFUL THAN A SUNSET.
MY WIFE, MY FRIEND, WORE RAGS FOR YEARS. RAGS! WHEN THAT DAY CAME WHEN I COULD AT LAST COME HOME WITH AN ERMINE STOLE - WELL, IN COMPARISON - WHAT'S ONE LOUSY SUNSET?
The Hall Syndicate, Inc
THAT MUST BE SOME ERMINE STOLE.
A RAG. YOU SHOULD SEE HER SABLE.
BEAUTY-FUL, HUH?
LIKE A SUN-SET.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

The Descent of Mann

The Condemned of Altona
(20th Century-Fox)
Gone Are the Days (Hammer)
The V.I.P.s (M-G-M)

With the increasing glibness of faddish liberalism, with the deep, if brief, concern with the Human Condition during creamy expense-account lunches, we get a commensurate increase of films like *Judgment at Nuremberg, A Child Is Waiting, Pressure Point, Raisin in the Sun.* Now we have the worst of the lot, artistically speaking: the film of Jean-Paul Sartre's play *The Condemned of Altona.*

The Sartre work is somewhat lumpy and long, even slightly ridiculous in its lack of embarrassment about outsize, lurid dramatic devices, but it is a whole-souled confrontation of an immense subject, with much art, large political-historical understanding, and no trace of bourgeois moralizing. To this play has come Abby Mann, the Michael Musmanno of screenwriters, and has transformed it into a pat anti-German tract. The dangers of rebuilt Germany are not slight – as Hans Morgenthau, among others, has pointed out – and President Kennedy may live to regret having so proudly called himself a Berliner; but if anything is likely to make us recoil in the wrong direction, it is such material as Mr. Mann's hysterical superficialities.

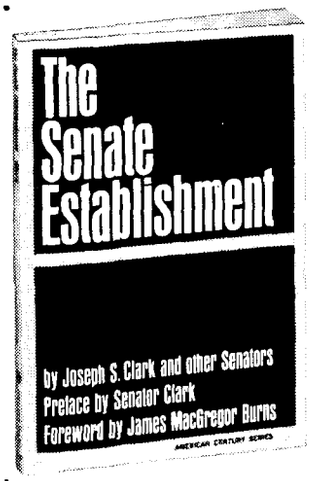
The story concerns a Krupp-like family of shipbuilders. The older son, an ex-officer, has imprisoned himself since World War II in a windowless room of the family mansion in Altona, a suburb of Hamburg. This self-condemned man, who believes that Germany is still in post-war ruin, is the focus of the lives of his father, sister, younger brother, and sister-in-law. It would be pointless to list all Mann's alterations of Sartre, but here are indicative ones. Some major changes: the father wants the older son to take over the firm, which makes the father seem idiotic since that son is not only unprepared but clearly unbalanced; instead of their reconciliation and joint suicide, the older son kills the father and himself; the sister-in-law, instead of being a former film star who is sick of it, is a practicing actress in a Brecht troupe. (The bits of Brecht confirm that he is now chic with the middle-guard, but the renderings here will not swell his popularity.) Some major additions: the younger son, a lawyer, is first seen prosecuting anti-Jewish hoodlums; the father has an impassioned speech justifying Germany by citing barbarism in Algeria, anti-Semitism in Russia, and McCarthyism in America; in another speech he practically rubs his hands when he says that Germany will some day have the Bomb; other characters get lines like "When I see a Mercedes Benz, I smell the stench of the gas ovens." (*There* is an utterance that will make Broadway and Beverly Hills gulp with admiration for the "integrity" of Mr. Mann.) In short, the whole script is a reduction of Sartre's complexities of truth, responsibility, and evil into simplifications of poster wickedness.

Vittorio De Sica directed and, in sheerly visual terms, handles matters extremely well. For example, he uses contrasting *vis-à-vis* close-ups more successfully than I had hoped to see in a wide-screen film. But on other grounds the picture gets wildly away from him. He has made the mistake of working in a language he does not really understand and has relied on a dialogue director named George Tyne who is imperceptive and, apparently, tone-deaf.

Fredric March lacks Adenauer granite as the father. Sophia Loren tries earnestly but is miscast as the actress – too melony and Mediterranean and without the bitter, hard, slim-flame quality. Robert Wagner looks right as the weakling son but is also a weakling actor. The English of Françoise Prevost, the sister, and of Maximilian Schell, the prisoner, cannot be understood much of the time. When Schell can be comprehended, he gives new meaning to an old term: ham.

But the real rapine begins with the script. The major themes of our time need a new Mann Act to prevent that gentleman from transporting them across state lines for artistically immoral purposes.

Gone Are the Days is a sporadically engaging, sometimes quite funny curiosity. it is based on the play *Purlie Victorious* by Ossie Davis, the Negro actor, and he plays the leading role, as he did in the theater. The purpose is to cartoon race prejudice, using the instruments of old-fashioned plotty melodrama and stock Southern plantation characters. Sometimes it gets tedious, particularly when it loses its parody vein – like the tree-house dialogue between Davis and the owner's son. But the idea of making stereotyped conceptions ridiculous by over-stereotyping them takes imagination and, at this moment, daring. Ruby Dee is winsomely wide-eyed as the pure heroine. God-


The Senate Establishment
by Joseph S. Clark and other Senators
Preface by Senator Clark
Foreword by James MacGregor Burns
AMERICAN CENTURY SERIES

"The Senate Establishment is the antithesis of democracy."

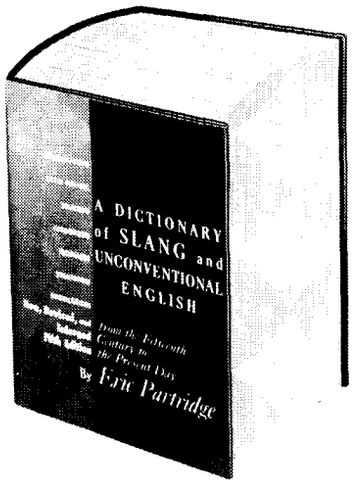
The full text of Senator Joseph Clark's historic speech revealing how a small band of conservatives controls the Senate. With an eloquent supporting speech by Paul Douglas, comments by other Senators and an introduction by James MacGregor Burns.

$3.50 cloth; $1.50 paper

Hill & Wang

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANY BOOK FREE



WE WILL GIVE YOU—

- **ANY BOOK FREE**—even if you choose this $16 dictionary!
- **PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS** for only $2.95 each *regardless of regular retail prices up to $10 and more!*
- **PLUS $2.50 BONUS VOUCHER** for each and every book you buy later. These *$2.50 Bonus Vouchers*—which may be applied immediately, at any time, toward other books of your choice—are given *in addition* to massive outright discounts on books offered by The Mid-Century Book Society which has been called "America's most rewarding book club." You receive at least one $2.50 Voucher for each purchase—even on the many books offered to members in the low $3 to $5 range. Other books often earn *more* than one voucher.
- **SAVE OVER 90% NOW.** New readers may thus save over 90% *now*—by joining the Society *at this time.* While you need take only one book at the introductory *extra discount price,* the more you take the more you save.
- **CANCELLATION.** *Either*—return all these books after 2 weeks free examination, without cost or obligation. *Or*—take only two more books during the coming year out of hundreds to be offered.
- **PLUS STILL ANOTHER FREE BOOK.** (See coupon below.) If you remit *now* for each book you take at the extra-discount price for new members.
- **THE MID-CENTURY MAGAZINE FREE,** bringing you advance reviews of new books published each month—with informed recommendations of books to both read *& keep* (no fall-apart paperbacks) in every subject-category—books for pleasure, profit, reference . . . for the many interests, needs and appetites of America's "New Renaissance" readers . . . the best *novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories*—and many more.
- **PROFIT SHARING:** Because the Society can order books in large quantities, it shares profits with members through sensationally *lower prices* plus the *Bonus Book Vouchers.* Members can thus buy first-run books—in publishers' regular cloth-bound editions for their permanent libraries (not cardboard-bound "cheapies")—for less than throw-away paperbacks cost!
- **BECAUSE** many of the books offered in this announcement are in short supply, **fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days. Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the Request Form—and mail without delay.**

FOR EXAMPLE:
☐ 132. **DICTIONARY OF SLANG & UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH** *by Eric Partridge.* Defines the "secret" words not in regular dictionaries, including colloquialisms, argot, slang, cant, Americanisms, catch phrases, nicknames, vulgarisms, "four letter words," etc. The new revised and enlarged 5th edition—*1,376 pp, 50,000 definitions totalling 1,400,000 words 9½ x 7 x 2¼ inches.*
PUBLISHER'S RETAIL PRICE $16

PLEASE ORDER BOOKS BY NUMBER

☐ 149. **A WORLD ON THE WANE.** Perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually-uninhibited primitive culture. Includes 116 revealing photographs and drawings. Retail $12.50

☐ 207. **THE CRADLE OF EROTICA.** A close scrutiny of the unusual and unrestrained sexual practices of Afro-Asian peoples as evidenced in their own literature (which is copiously quoted). Shedding, as it does, bright new light on the meaning of "normal" vs. "abnormal," there is no comparable work in existence. Retail $9.50.

JAMES BALDWIN on the NEGRO IN AMERICA

☐ 205. **THE FIRE NEXT TIME.** Best-seller Baldwin bares his soul—on the NAACP, the Black Muslims, and the rise of Negro power in the U.S. Here is the book that is lighting fire under both black and white America. Retail $3.50

☐ 163. **ANOTHER COUNTRY.** The famous novel that propelled Baldwin, virtually overnight, to the top rank of American writers. Retail $5.95

☐ 192. **THOMAS MANN: THE "JOSEPH" TETRALOGY.** A 1200-page single-volume edition of 4 of Mann's great novels: *The Tales of Jacob, Young Joseph, Joseph in Egypt,* and *Joseph the Provider.* Retail $8.50

☐ 994. **BOSWELL'S UNEXPURGATED** "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides." The best of all Boswell Journals now offered unexpurgated by virtue of the recent discovery of Boswell's lost papers. Retail $10.00

☐ 993. **JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY: A Modern Selection** from the most famous and most wickedly personal dictionary of all time. A delight to read and browse. Retail $6.50

☐ 169. **THE WESTERN:** *From Silents to Cinerama.* A lavishly-illustrated presentation of the most American of film art forms — the wild and woolly Western. All the magic names, including William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Gary Cooper, John Wayne, *The Great Train Robbery, High Noon, How the West Was Won* (to mention just a few). Retail $12.50

☐ 83. **FOUR SCREENPLAYS OF INGMAR BERGMAN,** one of the greatest film-makers of our time, unveil a sensuality that is not always evident on the screen (mainly because of the inadequate subtitles and censored scenes). Here are included all the situations "cut" from the screen versions — plus every delightful subtlety of dialogue. The screenplays: *Smiles of A Summer Night, Wild Strawberries, The Seventh Seal* and *The Magician.* Illustrated with 57 scenes from the films. Retail $6.00

☐ 938. **RIMBAUD and BAUDELAIRE** *by Enid Starkie.* Two (2) separate books; exciting and illuminating biographies of geniuses whose poems recreated the passions and sorrows of their tortured—and legendary — lives. Dr. Starkie's interpretations of Baudelaire (dandy and drug addict) and Rimbaud (slave trader and debauchee of remarkable pertinacity) are stimulating, sensitive and original. Combined Retail $20.00

☐ 135. **THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.** Leonardo's mind as revealed through 132 illustrations in color and monochrome and his own brilliant writings, supplemented by Andre Chastel's preceptive interpretations. Retail $12.50

☐ 195. **BLACK MAN IN AMERICA.** In this deeply moving *recording,* best-selling author James Baldwin recollects his childhood—and his painful steps to status as a great writer in a white man's world. Retail $3.98

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO and THE CONQUEST OF PERU

☐ 916. William H. Prescott's immortal histories of Cortes and Pizarro in a *complete and unabridged one-volume* edition. This story of the small bands of *conquistadores* in Mexico and Peru is one of the most dramatic narratives of all time. 1288 pp., fully indexed. Retail $12.50

The GERMAN "CATCH-22"

☐ 181. **THE OFFICER FACTORY** *by Hans Hellmut Kirst.* Revolving around a mysterious murder in a Nazi officers' training school in 1944, this great new novel (overlooked in the N.Y. newspaper strike of 1962-63) presents an intimate picture of the behind-the-scenes chaos of Hitler's Third Reich in a series of gripping events that range from nerve-tearing tragedy to high comedy. (502 pp.). Retail $6.50

GREAT "OVERLOOKED" PAINTINGS

☐ 219. **BERTHE MORISOT,** *Paintings, Watercolors, Pastels, Drawings.* Although prices for her pictures have increased more than 1500% in the last ten years the general public has not yet discovered this great impressionist. Colleague of *Monet, Renoir & Cassatt* . . . admired by *Manet* and *Degas,* the genius of Berthe Morisot is glowingly reflected in this handsome volume *(chosen by the A.I.G.A. as one of the "50 Best Books of the year"), 57 full-color and duotone* plates. 34 pages of monochrome illustrations and charming biographical notes. Retail $10.00

☐ 211. **SPECULATIONS ABOUT JACOB** *by Uwe Johnson.* The chilling new novel by Germany's prize-winning *Wunderkind.* On the surface a gripping "thriller," between the lines a disturbing and moving view of East versus West. A major novel of this half-century. Retail $4.50

FREE if payment is enclosed with order

THE DELIGHTS OF DETECTION *edited by Jacques Barzun.* Here is Mr. Barzun's choice of the best tales of pure detection, collected because "detective feats have been, since Voltaire and Poe, the delight of intellectuals," and designed to appeal to addicts and "uninitiated" alike. *Retail $5.95.*

REQUEST FORM

Mail to: THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY, 115 East 31st Street, N.Y. 16, N.Y. NR-30

Enroll me as a trial member and send me the FREE book indicated below—charging me only for the one or more other books ordered at the *special new-member price* of only $2.95 each. My only obligation is to buy two more selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be offered at average savings of 50% and more under the publisher's retail prices.

Over and above outright *Discounts,* I am to receive one or more *$2.50 Bonus Book Vouchers* with each book purchased. [PLEASE ORDER BOOKS BY NUMBER.]

I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION FREE with New-Member Purchase(s) at the right.

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE ($2.95).

Name .....

Address ..... City ..... Zone ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE
NO OBLIGATION
Get Acquainted Offer

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW

22ND YEAR
THE RUSSIAN REVIEW
America's Leading Quarterly on Russia Past and Present

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW offers you quarterly a thorough scholarly appraisal of developments in Russia found nowhere else. In the leading embassies of the free world—in the libraries of the Universities with top Russian departments, the REVIEW is a fundamental source of reliable interpretation and information concerning Russia past and present. Every important work on Russia is here reviewed—its leading articles are by noted and expert observers of the Russian scene.
Editors and contributors include William Henry Chamberlin, H. H. Fisher, Richard Pipes, Gleb Struve, Dimitri von Mohrenschildt, Bertram Wolfe. Let us send you a current issue now—without obligation.

..... Mail coupon below .....

Send me a FREE copy of THE RUSSIAN REVIEW with further details.

Name

Street

City Zone State

"LBJ. *Local discontent with imperial trade policies necessitates your immediate presence in Outlying Regions. You will proceed by Trans-Visigoth Airlines to the Scandinavian Territories, and be met by inflatable crowds who will cheer glumly. Make spontaneous purchases from small merchants and point a warning finger at malcontent authorities. Be of Good Will, take the family, and smile a lot. We'll cover for you. /s/ The Boss.*"

For the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, send 25¢ to Dept. R-6, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Robert Cohen Productions Presents
COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

Film Sales Dept.
Post Office Box 1641
Beverly Hills, California

frey Cambridge presents a burlesque of Stepin Fetchit so intense that it should make us all ashamed to look at another comic Negro servant; and Sorrell Booke does the best parody of a Southern planter since Frank Morgan played *The Pride of the Claghornes* in the Kaufman-Schwartz revue *The Band Wagon*. Davis has written himself a snug-fitting part as the ambitious preacher. His ringing, swinging exhortations are delivered with ripeness and force and with the propensity to burst into song in the middle of rhetoric that seems the heritage of everyone but "white Protestants of Northern European extraction." (The wording of a proscriptive sign I once saw on a Southern swimming pool.) Davis and company deserved a more resourceful director than Nicholas Webster.

Two items are worth noting about *The V.I.Ps*, a sort of *Grand Hotel* about a day at the fogbound London Airport that stars Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. First, Rod Taylor, whom I had thought mere impassive beef on the basis of *The Birds*, gives a vital and appealing performance as an Australian businessman. Second, Vivienne Zavitz, who was Miss Taylor's hairdresser for *Cleopatra* and is still with her, is now Vivienne Walker-Zavitz.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

City of Night

Sirs:

The bright light which John Rechy in his novel *City of Night* turned on his feared and rejected night world has set up a shrill chorus of scorn among cultured and middle-class reviewers. Now Richard Gilman (September 14) raises his voice and through the sheer perversity and sophisticated hostility of his review becomes a perfect representative of these reviewers and of the whole social milieu which twists the brilliantly described characters of the City of Night. Even though a child might guess some of the factors involved in this deliberate misreading and wilful underestimation of Rechy, it still remains an interesting problem of literary psychology why for many critics the delicate infantilism of Capote and the anti-moral phantasmagoria of Genêt are so much more appealing than the compassionate realism of Rechy.

John Womack
Austin, Texas

N A S S E R
has diplomats rereading his "Philosophy" to see if it is a Mein Kampf! Read Nasser's "Philosophy of the Revolution." Introduction by John Gunther.
Paperbound $1.00 PPD
Economica Books
4496 Main Street Buffalo 26, New York

Balance of Payments

Sirs:

The third installment of the Balance of Payments analysis (August 31) was highly original. So original in fact that only an economic illiterate would join in recommending, as you did, that the United States devalue the dollar.

In your list of arguments against raising the price of gold, you fail to mention competitive devaluation. You said that it was improbable that other countries would change their current exchange rates with the dollar.

If we devalue, the prices Europeans and others pay for United States exports decrease, assuming no change in exchange rates elsewhere. The prices we pay for imports rise. Our exports will increase (if price changes stimulate demand for them and we expand the supply available for export) and vice-versa for imports. Hence, our Balance of Payments situation might well improve. But, if Europeans are resisting the growth of a United States surplus, we might well expect many of the European and other countries to devalue also. The result being a period of worldwide competitive devaluation with accompanying speculation. This could be avoided if we could arrange to have all countries in the world devalue proportionately and at the same time. However, we would all remain in the same relative position regarding the Balance of Payments. The United States would merely have a slow-down in the rate of gold loss because the price of gold would be lower. This might be a reasonable approach but impossible to ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complish, I suspect, even in the Western Bloc nations.

The fact remains, we could never devalue alone and get away with it. Devaluation must occur in an organized environment and preferably under the rules and auspices of the IMF.

Perhaps equally impractical at the present time, but more logical, would be for the United States to remove the gold backing from the dollar. The dollar has only a 25 percent gold reserve behind it now, and that is certainly an arbitrary figure. Only the unsophisticated worry about the amount of backing and they are, I hope, in the minority in the advanced countries of the world. Our gold reserve requirement is a holdover from the not so very gold standard days and is currently causing more trouble than it is worth.

William E. Bedsworth
College of
Business Administration
University of Idaho

JAPANESE HANDMADE PAPER

Comprehensive book-style catalogue, 108 samples tipped-in, with text and illustrations of papermaking

$3.50

IIS CRAFTS
CPO Box 1539
Tokyo, Japan

GRAND TOUR – SMALL PRICES

Use the accepted travel guide published in 4 languages in Europe for use by Europeans. Pay prices marked for Europeans. Go to the hotels, restaurants, shops frequented by these economy-minded travelers.

560-page book, covers every country. Over 600 cities and towns, with intimate descriptions, profusely illustrated. $2 check or money order will save you hundreds. No COD's. Write to Travel, Box 132-N, Hewlett, N.Y.

HARPSICHORD KIT – A superb, authentic, full toned instrument for home workshop assembly, $150. Same instrument as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. Also Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Please write: Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. P, 115 Christopher Street, N.Y.C. 14.

SPECIAL 300' correspondence tapes. 80c postpaid. Communications Exchange Service, Box 733, Route 2, Chester, Virginia.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year..... 9c
Per word 48 times in one contract year..... 8c

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th St. N.W., Wash. 36, D. C.

333 EUROPEAN HOTELS

140 cities, 19 countries covered in handy list of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, Addresses.

BON VOYAGE $1.
Box 24684NR
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

SILENCE THOSE AGGRESSIVE HUCKSTERS! Minimize commercial brain-washing! Silence commercials with simple device. Illustrated "do-it-yourself" instructions plus safety resistor, 25c; complete kit, including switch wire and safety resistor, $1.50.

THE SILENCER
P.O. Box 106
Berkeley 1, California

Reporter — 20 issues — $3.25
Ladies Home Journal — one year — $1.50
Newsweek — 40 weeks — $3.65
Time (Student) — one year — $4.00
Inquire low rates — popular, professional periodicals.
POLLOCKS MAGAZINE SERVICE
LITTLE SILVER NEW JERSEY

INTEREST TO WOMEN
Free Gifts. Rare Colonial, Modern.
Technicolor Catalog. Rush 25c
PERRY
173 Pleasant Englewood, N. J.

SUMMERLANE SCHOOL AND CAMP
"An American Summerhill"
Box 26R, Mileses, New York

WORLD DEMOCRACY
By Bin Dir Woor.
CLAIMS: Unique. Entrancing. Epoch-making. An American publisher said, "World Democracy is a book of the Century."
Price $2. Your library, book store or
GREENWICH BOOK PUBLISHERS
282 Seventh Ave., New York

WINDJAMMER CRUISES—Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts. There's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with a small friendly group. 10 Days Before the Mast from $175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, P. O. Box 1051, Dept. 42, Miami Beach, 39, Fla.

BOOK OFFER: Marshall Knappen. "An Introduction to American Foreign Policy." Harper, 1956. 593 pages. $2.00. Midnight Books, Box 101, Wyckoff Heights Station, Brooklyn 37, N. Y.

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
15c Each — 2,000 Titles
Free Catalogue
LARSON'S BOOKS
Box 215-A
Cannon Falls, Minn. 55009

"WILL FORMS"
Two Will Forms and Book on Wills
$1.00 Complete
National Forms, Box 48313NR
Los Angeles 48, Calif.

Any Book

Out-of-print books located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation.

Books-On-File
Dept. NEW Union City, N. J.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"
Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free.
Sleep-Learning Research Association
Box 24-NR Olympia, Washington

Radcliffe graduate hopes to avoid being swallowed up by the secretarial monstrosity. Seeks part-time job Boston area. Interested in Russia, politics, filmmaking. Could do research, photography, cooking. Call 864-6575, Cambridge, Mass.

ADULTS ONLY! A Love Affair With The Piano. Master lessons, taught through correspondence, by artist teacher of over 30 years experience.
CAMEO STUDIO Dept. N.,
25 Cameo Road, Levittown, Pa.

NEW CATALOG ANTIQUES with charming free gift $1. Gloucester Art Galleries, P.O. Box 538, Gloucester, Mass.

"BURY GOLDWATER"
handsome bumper sticker
$1 each; three for $2; ten for $5
801 Security Building
Roswell, New Mexico

SATIRE *Newsletter*
Criticism, Scholarship, Satire
from Isaiah to beyond *Beyond the Fringe*
Send $2. for two issues to
SATIRE *Newsletter*, State U. College, Oneonta, N. Y. (first issue, November)

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

L'EXPRESS

The leading liberal newspaper in France today.
Send 25c for your sample copy.
Howard Publications
7th floor
132 West 43rd Street
New York 36, N.Y.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN GODS, SAVIORS AND SUPERNATURALISM?

Is all your concern for people? Then you're a HUMANIST! Welcome to AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for three-month trial membership ($5 for year):
AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION
Dept. NR, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Printed by National Publishing Co.
301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, in two oversize volumes, the world's outstanding psychologists, philosophers, novelists, poets, and mystics delve into the mind and motives of man: his struggles with others, and with himself; his perceptions, myths, and dreams; his encounters with self-discovery, love, hate, and sex; his fears and his guilt.

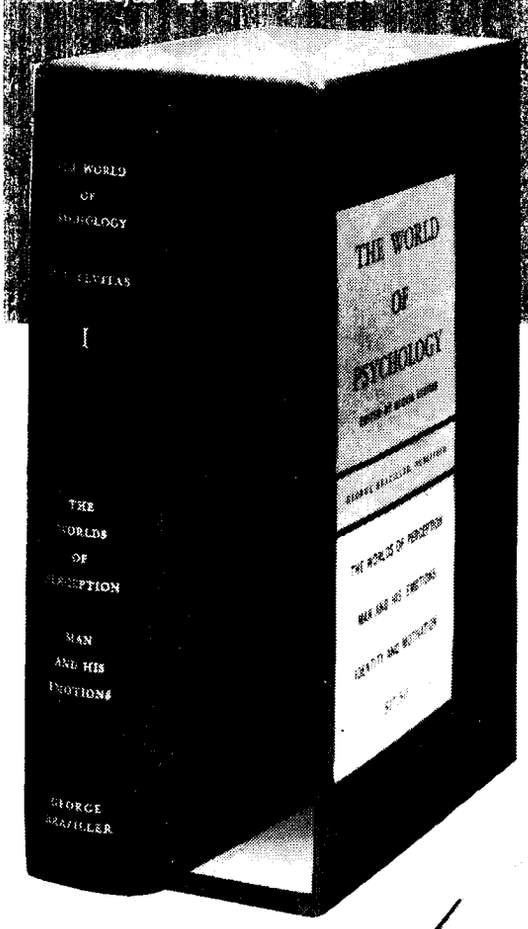
In **THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY,** you will find theories and case studies by leading psychologists—such as Freud, Jung, Fromm, and Pavlov—whose works have changed the course of twentieth century thought, standing beside their counterparts in classical philosophy. Moreover, each great theme is then exemplified by a relevant piece of fiction which portrays the problem in its lived immediacy. In this juxtaposition of theory, philosophy, and literature the condition of man is meaningfully and memorably described.

The retail price of this valuable and entertaining reference work is $17.50. Yet you may have it *without charge,* as a demonstration of the many benefits of membership in The Book Find Club.

THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY

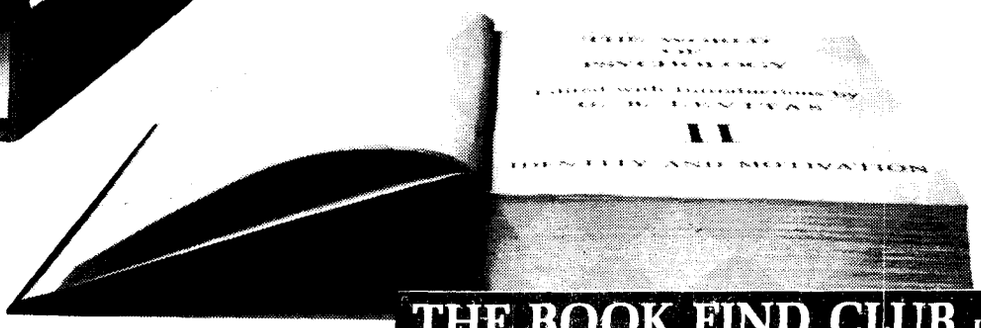
PARTIAL CONTENTS

THE WORLDS OF PERCEPTION ■ The World of the Pig's Pig ... ■ ... World As We See It and the World As It Is: *Bacon • Goodman • Carroll • Handy* ■ The Wor... ■ The Sixth Sense—*Aristotle, Cullers* ■ The Worlds of Smell and Taste: Wayne and ... *Brice • Defoe* ■ and many others



RETAIL $17.50 FREE

The important new 2-volume set **THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY** and the outstanding books listed below are among the recent selections that the Book Find Club has offered its members at substantial savings. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts. ■ **CONVENIENCE.** Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Moreover, you need choose **only** the books you want. ■ **AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%.** As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. ■ **BONUS BOOKS.** When your introductory agreement has been completed, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your own choosing after every third selection that you take. ■ Why not take advantage of this extraordinary offer today? And receive **THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY** free as an introductory gift.



BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ONE OF THESE OUTSTANDING SELECTIONS

Eichmann in Jerusalem: *A Report on the Banality of Evil,* Hannah Arendt; and **Love Declared:** *Essays on the Myths of Love,* Denis de Rougemont. Combined retail price $10.00.....Member's price $5.95

This Kind of War, T. R. Fehrenbach. Retail $10.00.....Member's price $6.50

Freedom in the Western World, Herbert J. Muller. Retail $8.50 .....Member's price $5.95

The Feminine Mystique, Betty Friedan. Retail $5.95.....Member's price $4.95

Identity and Anxiety: *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* Including Mead, Orwell, Richards, Gorer, Howe, Jaspers, Mills, and many others. Retail $7.50 .....Member's price $4.95

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95

The Other Side of The River: *Red China Today,* Edgar Snow. Retail $10.00 .....Member's price $6.95

The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell, Retail $10.00.....Member's price $5.95

The Children of Sanchez, Oscar Lewis. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.50

The Paper Economy, David T. Bazelon. Retail $6.95.....Member's price $5.95

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, INC.

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enroll and send me THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY free, with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling.) I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates in the next 12 months, from the wide range of books that will be made available to me at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

First Selection_____

Mr.
Mrs.....
Miss Please print full name
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State B63-99-1

(Same offer and prices in Canada. 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED